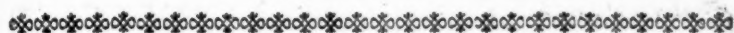




THE
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
FOR
MAY, 1776.



ACCOUNT of the DUCHESS of KINGSTON's TRIAL,
WESTMINSTER-HALL. (Continued from page 168.)

DR. Harris, on behalf of the prosecution, was heard in support of it; his arguments were chiefly directed in answer to those made use of by the Civilians on the other side.

At half after four o'clock the Lord High Steward called upon Mr. Wallace, the learned counsel on the part of the Duchess of Kingston, to make his reply.

Mr. Wallace observed, that several cases had been urged on the other side, and many new lights thrown on the subject, and that to do justice to his client it would be necessary to consider of them.—He was desired to proceed.

Lord Talbot said, that he had listened to the very learned arguments on the part of the prosecution; that the matter was of great and singular importance; that if he was to give his opinion now, he probably should be inclined to over-rule the plea; but in such a case, where several of their Lordships, after so long a sitting, would not perhaps give the reply the attention it deserved, he thought it would be better to adjourn. For his part, he was sure he was one of those who could not properly attend to the reply; he would therefore be glad that time was

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given him to consider, that he might digest what had been now urged, and be the better prepared to determine on the whole together.

Mr. Wallace was again desired to proceed, but a noble Lord rising to move an adjournment to the chamber of Parliament, it was agreed to.

About five their Lordships again returned to the Hall, and as soon as the High Steward and the Lords took their places, his Grace again desired Mr. Wallace to proceed to his reply.

Lord Townshend rose and observed, that several of the Lords had retired and not returned in the procession; that the Chief Justice (De Grey) who was to give his opinion on the matter of law, was likewise absent, for which reason he would recommend to their Lordships to agree to an adjournment, as it was impossible that either the noble Lords or the Chief Justice, who were absent, if the counsel now proceeded to reply, could with propriety give their opinions. The House did not seem to give way to these reasons, but cried out, *proceed! proceed!*

Lord Camden said he thought the reasons already suggested were sufficient, but he had a more forcible one; that was, the

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indisposition of the Lady. He begged leave to inform their Lordships, that she had been extremely ill for a considerable time. He then moved that she might have permission to retire. This being consented to, his Lordship acquainted the House, that the Lady was so very ill, that a surgeon had been sent for to bleed her, and that her Grace's physicians had been likewise sent for. He thought it, therefore, very necessary that their Lordships should adjourn, in order to determine what was proper to be done. This, after a few minutes consideration, was agreed to, and their Lordships adjourned to the Parliament Chamber, where, after three quarters of an hour's deliberation, they agreed to adjourn over till Friday.

It was not till half after six that this message was received in Westminster-hall, when the counsel withdrew, and the Lady retired in the custody of the Black Rod, to an apartment at the Duke of Newcastle's, adjoining to the Hall. She seemed extremely indisposed, so much, that she could hardly keep her seat for some minutes before she had leave to retire from the bar.

On Friday April 19, the House of Lords met at ten o'clock in the Parliament Chamber, pursuant to their adjournment of Tuesday; Garter King at Arms having called over the names of the Peers, beginning with the junior English Baron, and ending with his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, their Lordships proceeded to Westminster-hall, and opened the Court.

As soon as the usual proclamations were made, the Lord High Steward gave orders to bring the prisoner, the Duchess Dowager of Kingston, into court. Her Grace, attended by the Yeomen Usher, appeared in a few minutes at the bar, on which the Lord High Steward called upon Mr. Wallace to make his reply.

Mr. Wallace then proceeded to take a review of the whole matter which had been urged on either side from the beginning, and threw besides several new and important lights on the subject — His reply took three hours and twenty minutes in the delivery, and was heard with great attention.

He was followed by Dr. Calvert on the same side, who proved himself a very able advocate. The Doctor's speech lasted about forty minutes.

The moment it was over, the Lord High Steward left his place at the table,

and went to his chair; after which the Lord President moved "to adjourn the Upper Chamber of Parliament, and likewise that the prisoner might be at liberty to withdraw from the bar to her room whilst their Lordships were absent from the Court," which was agreed to.

As soon as the Peers were seated in the Upper House, and the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was brought into the House (in a chair, on account of his lameness) Lord Camden put the two following questions to the Judges:

"Whether a sentence of the Spiritual Court against a marriage, in a suit of jactitation of marriage, is conclusive evidence, so as to stop the Crown from proving the said marriage in an indictment for polygamy?"

"Whether, admitting such sentence to be conclusive upon such indictment, the Crown may be admitted to avoid the effect of such sentence, by proving the same to have been obtained by fraud or collusion?"

A short conversation passed, Whether the word Crown or Prosecutor should stand part of the questions; at last it was agreed that the word Crown should only be inserted.

The Lord High Steward then put the questions to the Judges, and the Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas delivered the opinion of the rest of his brethren, taken a view of the subject in so clear, so correct, and so convincing a style, that it was agreed on all hands he threw more light upon the matter than all that had been said upon it by the learned pleaders in the Hall, allowing even that their arguments had been elaborate, ingenious, and masterly. The Chief Justice, having equally entertained and informed his hearers for about an hour, in the name of himself and his brother Judges, answered the first question in the Negative, the last in the Affirmative.

Their Lordships then returned from their own House, to the Court in Westminster-Hall, when their Lordships being seated, the High Steward acquainted the prisoner that her plea was over-ruled, and desired Mr. Attorney General to open the prosecution in behalf of the Crown.

Mr. Attorney opened it rather shortly, and with great severity, charging the prisoner with the highest aggravation of the offence with which she was charged, and imputing the whole of her conduct

to

to ambition and a lust of lucre, and doubting whether to the last she determined in favour of one husband in preference to another, but as the option was likely most to administer to her love of dominion and love of money.

He then stated the leading facts and the aggravating circumstances which he was instructed would be proved against her. Those were chiefly as follows: That the prisoner came to London in the year 1740, and in the year 1743 got into the family of the then Prince of Wales, being appointed a Maid of Honour to her Royal Highness; that in the course of the next year (1744) she went down on a visit to Hampshire with a lady on a visit to a place called Medstone; that during that visit, there being races at Winchester, she casually met Mr. Hervey, then a Lieutenant in the Navy, who took a liking to her, and declared his sentiments at her aunt Hammer's, at whose house she was; that both their situations in life rendered a public marriage very impracticable, as he on one side depending on his friends for his future prospects of advancement, and she, on her remaining a single woman, derived her chief rank and support; that such being the situation of the parties, they agreed to marry privately, without the knowledge or consent of their friends.

That they were accordingly married at Medstone church, in the county of Southampton, on the 4th of August 1744, and soon after returned to London and lived privately as man and wife at a house taken for the purpose, in Conduit-street, Hanover-square: That at the end of about six months he was called to duty in the East Indies, where he remained a year and a half, and on his return renewed his former connexion with the prisoner, and again lived with her as her husband privately, at the same house in Conduit-street.

That Mr. Hervey was in a few months again called upon service, and went to the Mediterranean, where he did duty for some months: That on his return he a second time renewed his matrimonial connexion with the prisoner; but it was a circumstance which happened soon after his last return, and which it would be necessary to explain more fully in the course of the prosecution, that gave rise to that misunderstanding that after separated the parties, and laid the foundation of the subsequent transactions which form-

ed the subject matter of the present prosecution.

He stated, that henceforward a coolness grew between Mr. Hervey and the prisoner, which afterwards caused a state of indifference, and suggested ideas and schemes to both very different to what caused their first union. Hence they both wished to get rid of each other, in order to adopt pursuits of a very different nature.

About the time of this falling off, he was instructed to tell their Lordships, that the prisoner had a child; that she frequently told those with whom she lived, in confidence, that she had one; that he was extremely like Mr. Hervey; and that he died an infant.

From this till the year 1753, very little material happened, when some overtures were made towards effecting a formal separation, but no step of consequence was taken till the year 1759, when the scene which afterwards acted, and which has since opened itself to all concerned and the public at large, first came into contemplation, and was afterwards, for several years, eagerly pursued, till finally completed in the year 1768, by a sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court.

In the year 1759, the prisoner went down to Medstone, and managed matters so dexterously, as to erase every memorial of her marriage with Mr. Hervey, and at the same time obtained a certificate of a pretended marriage in order to disprove it. Two methods were proposed in the further prosecution of the business; one by Mr. Hervey, as a ground of divorce for criminal conversation; and the other, which was the plan afterwards carried into execution. The former the prisoner revolted against, because it was intended to be grounded on proofs of infidelity to the matrimonial bed; the latter was therefore agreed on as more agreeable to the sentiments of the Lady.

Mr. Attorney then entered into a detail of the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court, in which, if the facts be true, the narrative did not reflect much honour on the manner of proceeding in that Court; nor can the public ever again, should the facts stated come out in proof, entertain any great opinion of the equity of their decisions or even the decency of them.

Mr. Solicitor now got up to examine the evidence.

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Here the first witness in support of the indictment being called to the bar, a confusion ensued about placing her; the Duke of Richmond observing her stand near the prisoner, moved, that she might be placed elsewhere:—after much time mispent on the occasion, Mr. Quarme, the Deputy Usher of the Black Rod, was placed between them, and the examination began; one of the Clerks of the House putting each question from the Counsel, and making the witness's replies to the House, with an audible voice. The substance of the evidence was as follows.

Ann Craddock.—I have known the Lady at the Bar ever since 1742, when she came down upon a visit to Mr. Merrill's at Launceston, in Hants, at Winchester races; I lived with Mrs. Hanmer, Miss Chudleigh's aunt, who was then at Mr. Merrill's.—Mr. Hervey saw Miss C— for the first time there at that time, when they fell in love with each other; they were privately married one evening, about eleven o'clock, in—church, in the presence of me, Mr. Mountney, Mrs. Hanmer, and the Rev. Mr. Amus, the Rector, who performed the ceremony. I was sent out of the church to get Mr. Merrill's servants out of the way. I saw them put to bed together that night: Mrs. Hanmer made them get up again. They went to bed together the next night. A few days after Mr. Hervey was obliged to set off for Portsmouth, to go to sea, a Lieutenant in Sir John Davers's fleet: I was to call him at five o'clock in the morning: when I went into their bedroom I found them fast asleep; so I thought it a pity to disturb them, for an hour or so. My husband, whom I married after, went with Mr. Hervey as his servant. When Mr. H— returned from the Mediterranean they lived together: I thought she began to look big. Some months after he went to sea again. I then heard he was brought-to-bed. She told me herself she had a little boy at nurse, and he was very like Mr. H—, &c. &c.

Cross Examination.

Upon her cross examination respecting her receiving any promise of reward, if the prosecution succeeded in this trial, and whether she had not some expectations, she could not be brought to a direct answer by the counsel.

Duke of Grafton. Did you ever see the child that the Lady at the bar spoke to

you about?—*Never.*—What was the reason that you did not go at the time she spoke to you about it?—*She said she would take me in a few days, and in the mean time I saw her much grieved, when she told me the child was dead.*—You say the marriage was performed at night; were there any lights in the church?—*Yes, Mr. Mountney had a wax light in the crown of his hat.*

Earl of Buckinghamshire. My Lords, the evidence has repeatedly avoided giving a direct answer to a particular question of the counsel's; I must therefore beg leave to put it.—Good woman, I ask you, in the face of this assembly, and before that God, by whose holy name you have solemnly sworn to tell the truth, did you, or did you not, ever say, that you expected an advantage from the issue of this trial?—After much hesitation.—*I did not.*

Lord Hillsborough.—Did you never receive a letter from any person giving you any assurance of reward in consequence of your appearance against the Lady at the Bar?—*I did.*—From whom did you receive it?—*From a Mr. Fossard of Piccadilly.* What promise was made to you in that letter?—*A fine cure place.*—Was there nothing else in the letter?—*Yes, he said I might shew it to Mr. Hervey if I would.* [Here some other questions were then asked touching this matter, which the witness seemed unwilling to answer, in consequence of which several Lords rose at the same time to speak, which caused no small disorder.]

Earl of Derby. My Lords, we are now in that interesting part of the trial that requires the utmost deliberation and circumspection; the many hours we have sat, and the total darkness that must presently prevail, I fear will be a bar to our proceeding with that attention the importance of the cause demands; I therefore humbly move, that as many Lords seem desirous of asking this witness many questions, her further examination may stand over till to-morrow, and that we now adjourn to the Chamber of Parliament.

Adjourned accordingly.

The House, when got into their Chamber, adjourned the Court till this morning at ten o'clock.

On Saturday, April 20, their Lordships having gone through the usual solemnities, Lord Hillsborough moved that the witness examined the preceding day
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(Mrs Craddock) might be again called to the Bar. His Lordship and several other Lords asked her several leading questions, relative to the letter she received from Follard, her manner of living, the means she had of subsisting herself, &c. To the first question she gave no satisfactory answer; to the others she replied, that Mrs. Hammer had left her a legacy of two hundred pounds; that when that was spent, she sold some furniture she had; and that at present she depended chiefly on the assistance of a friend, whom she mentioned. She utterly denied having any prospect of reward or future support from any of the Meadow's family, of having any intercourse with them, or, in short, of being only a mere naked witness, called by accident into the cause.

When the other Lords had finished their examination, Lord Derby rose and observed, that on her last examination she said she expected the *same* stipend or annuity which the Lady at the Bar had promised her. He should therefore be glad to know what that was, and that she would fully explain herself on the subject. She said it was an annuity of twenty pounds a year, which the Lady proposed to give her, on the condition that she would retire to either Yorkshire, Northumberland, or Cumberland; that she had accepted of the offer, much against her inclination, and had accordingly set off for Yorkshire, to the place destined for her retreat; that when she got so far in her way as Thoresby in Lincolnshire, she grew greatly concerned that she should be thus banished, as it were, from all her former acquaintance and connections, and she thought pressing so closely on her, she determined to return, and sooner forego the Lady's friendship for ever, than enjoy it on terms which appeared to her so extremely harsh and disagreeable; that she accordingly returned and supported herself in the manner before-mentioned; that this happened about three years ago, since which she has had no intercourse with the Lady at the Bar. Being asked what other reason, besides the Lady's telling her so, she had to believe the Lady was pregnant, she answered, that the Lady looked to be big with child, and that it was well known, and generally understood by all her intimate acquaintance, that she was so.

Surgeon Hawkins was next called and sworn. On being asked whether or not he knew that the prisoner at the Bar was

married to Mr. Hervey, now Earl of Bristol, he said he wished to decline answering that question, as whatever he knew arose from information which had been repoted in him through the means of his profession. This point being overruled, his evidence was substantially as follows: That he knew the Lady at the Bar upwards of thirty years; that he had heard she was married to Mr. Hervey; that several years ago, soon after the connection between her and Mr. Hervey, he attended her at Chelsea, in a street the name of which he could not now recollect; that there she was delivered of a male child; that he saw her in her lying-in bed; that she informed him the child died, but he could not tell the exact age of the child, but he believed it did not survive twelve months; there was a great intimacy and friendship between the Lady and his family; that she frequently paid and received visits from his wife; that nothing material happened, only a general friendly intercourse, till after the suit was instituted in the Ecclesiastical Court, when the Lady frequently informed him what progress had been made in it, and imparted her general sentiments respecting what was likely to be the issue of it; that one day, while the suit was pending, he met the present Lord Bristol in his carriage, in St. James's-square, who begged to speak to him about particular business; that the witness begged leave to decline speaking about the business then, as he was prevented in point of time, but proposed a meeting at some time when he should have more leisure; that his Lordship desired him to call on a certain day, when no person should be in the way; that he accordingly waited on his Lordship, pursuant to appointment, when his Lordship offered him a large bundle of papers, which he desired him to deliver to the Lady at the Bar; that he declined the message, observing, that the papers might be better delivered by a stranger; that several conversations had passed between him and the Lady at the Bar, respecting the suit depending in the Ecclesiastical Court; that in one of them, the Lady told him, that she understood before the suit could be finally ended it would be necessary she should swear that she was never married to Mr. Hervey; but she would not do that for any consideration, because she could not take such an oath with a safe conscience; and that in some

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time after he called on the Lady, and asked her how the suit in the Ecclesiastical Court went on, on which she called him into a private room, and seemed very grave. She told him, that she found herself greatly embarrassed what to do; the nature of the proceedings required that she should swear she was never married to Mr. Hervey; and on the fullest consideration she did not know how conscientiously to act. She could not swear she was not married to him; on the other hand, she could not swear she was really married to him, the ceremony being performed in so scrambling and shabby a manner.

Mr. Hawkins being asked, Whether he recollected that any of the messages he had been employed to carry, related to any witness or witnesses being produced or kept back?

Mr. Hawkins replied, Certainly not. From a long and intimate acquaintance with the Duchess, I had reason to believe her to be incapable of delivering any message but such as was compatible with the strictest honour and probity.

After Mr. Hawkins had been examined by the Lords, and dismissed, Mrs. Sophia Charlotte Fettiplace was called in. She was attended by Lord Howe, her brother.

During the whole of her examination, her spirits were so exceedingly agitated, that nature seemed, at times, incapable of extending further support. All that this amiable, this distressed Lady had to say was, that she had been acquainted with the Duchess of Kingston for many years, but not before her Grace was appointed Maid of Honour to the late Princess Dowager of Wales. That, as to any marriage of the Duchess of Kingston with Mr. Hervey, all that had passed between the witness and the Lady at the Bar, had been repeated, amongst other topics of conversation, many years ago in Hampshire, in a summer-house in a garden.

Mrs. Fettiplace being ordered to withdraw, Lord Viscount Barrington was called in.

LORD BARRINGTON (sworn)

Examined by the Solicitor-General.

Q. How long has my Lord Barrington been acquainted with the Lady at the Bar?

A. Above thirty years.

Q. Did his Lordship ever hear from the Lady at the Bar any thing relative to her marriage with Mr. Hervey?

A. My Lords, I am come here in obedience to your Lordship's summons, ready to give testimony as to any matter that I know of my own knowledge, or that has come to me in the usual way. But if any thing has been confided to me, or if any thing has been confidentially told me, I do hold, with humble submission to your Lordships, that, as a man of honour, as a man regardless of the laws of society, I cannot answer that question.

Lord High Steward. When the last witness but one (Mr. Hawkins) was at the Bar, he made something like the same excuse for his not answering the questions put to him. He was then informed, by a noble and learned Lord, and the whole Court agreed with that Lord, that such questions were to be answered in a Court of Justice.

Lord Barrington. I have no doubt but what the question is a proper question to be asked by a Court of Justice, otherwise your Lordships would not have permitted it to be asked. But, my Lords, I think every man must act from his own feelings, and I feel that any private conversation, entrusted to me, is not to be reported again.

Lord Radnor. His Lordship will recollect the oath that he hath taken is, that he shall declare the whole truth.

Lord Barrington. My Lords, as I understand the oath, I can decline answering the question that has been asked me, without acting contrary to that oath—without being guilty of perjury. But, if it is the opinion of your Lordships that I am bound by that oath to answer; and that I shall be guilty of a perjury if I do not answer, in that case, my Lords, I shall think differently, for I will not be perjured.

The Duchess of Kingston. I do release my Lord Barrington from every honourable obligation to me. I wish, and earnestly desire, that every witness who shall be examined, may deliver their opinions in every point justly, whether for me or against me.

I came from Rome at the hazard of my life, to surrender myself to this Court. I bow with submissive obedience to every decree, and do not even complain that an Ecclesiastical sentence has been deemed of no force, although such a sentence has never

never been controverted during the space of 1475 years.

Lord Barrington. My Lords, I do solemnly declare to your Lordships, on that oath that I have taken, and on my honour, that I have not had the least communication made to me of the Dukes of Kingston's generosity: I have not had the least communication with her Grace, by letter, message, or in any other way, for more than two months; and I had no idea of being summoned as a witness here until the Easter holidays, so that her Grace's generosity is entirely spontaneous, and of her own accord. But, my Lords, I have a doubt, which no man can resolve better than your Lordships, because your honour is as high as any men; but I have a doubt whether, thinking it improper that I should betray confidential communications before the Dukes consented that I should, and gave me my liberty, I have great doubt whether her Grace's generosity ought not to tie me more firmly to my former resolutions.

The Duke of Richmond. For one, I think that it would be improper in the noble Lord to betray any private conversations. I submit to your Lordships, that every matter of fact (not of conversation) which can be requested, the noble Lord is bound to disclose.

Lord Mansfield. I mean only to propose to your Lordships (to avoid adjourning to consider this question, or any thing farther upon it, at present) that the Counsel might be allowed to call other witnesses in the mean time, and that Lord Barrington may have an opportunity of considering of the matter if the Council should think proper to call his Lordship again.

Lord Camden. My Lords, I understand from the bar, that rather than your Lordships should be perplexed with any question which may arise upon the noble Lord's difficulty in giving his evidence at the bar, they would rather wave the benefit of his evidence in the cause.—My Lords, if that be their resolution, and they think that safely, and without prejudice to the prosecution, they may venture to give up that evidence, your Lordships, to be sure, will acknowledge the politeness of the surrender. But, my Lords, now I am upon my legs, you will give me leave to make one short remark on this proceeding, and to hope that your Lordships, sitting in judgment on criminal cases, the highest and the most important; that may affect the lives,

and properties of your Lordships; that you shall not think it besting the dignity of this High Court of Justice, to be debating the etiquette of honour, at the same time when we are trying lives and liberties.—My Lords, the laws of the land (I speak it boldly in this grave assembly) are to receive another answer from those who are called to depose at your bar, than to be told that, in point of honour and of conscience, they do not think that they acquit themselves like persons of that description, when they declare what they know. There is no power of torture in this kingdom to wrest evidence from a man's breast who withholds it; every witness may undoubtedly venture on the punishment that will ensue on his refusing to give testimony. As to casual points, how far he should conceal or suppress that which the justice of his country calls upon him to reveal, that I must leave to the witness's own conscience.

Lord Lyttleton. The laws of this land have spoken clearly on this occasion; and, if your Lordships had applied them to the noble Lord at your Bar, he has told your Lordships that he is willing to submit to your judgment. But, my Lords, it is yet a question, whether or not the noble Lord will be perjured; it is a question not decided by your Lordships, that he will be perjured if he refuses to betray a confidence. I am sure that I feel, and I apprehend your Lordships, as men of honour, feel the full weight of the noble Lord's objection; he will speak to matters of fact, but he does not desire to speak merely to conversation; and, my Lords, I am not surprised that he should make that objection; for if you consider how loose and inaccurate all evidence of conversation must be, it takes off in a Court of Justice much from its availment. The noble Lord has told you, that confidential conversation may have passed between him and the noble Lady at the Bar; he has stated to you his doubts; and I apprehend he is not obliged to go on with his evidence, until your Lordships have unanimously pronounced that it is your opinion he is obliged so to do.

Lord High Steward. If the Counsel for the prosecution say, that they have no questions to ask the noble Lord, he may withdraw.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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Description of WARKWORTH and the HERMITAGE, Northumberland.

Embellished with a beautiful Copper Plate.

WARKWORTH is situate on the south side of the river Coquet, over which there is a stone bridge. At the south end of this village is Warkworth Castle, a fine monument of antient grandeur, which heretofore belonged to the antient family of the Percies, and from thence descended to the present Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. Being situate on an eminence, it overlooks the river Coquet, where it discharges its water into the sea, and washes an island of the same name; upon which is a little antique tower, the remains of a small monastic edifice, which has a fine effect from every part of the coast.

About half a mile from hence, up the river, is the hermitage; it contains three apartments, cut out of the solid rock, finely shaded with venerable trees, which hang their heads over the calm and smoothly gliding river.

These three apartments are distinguished by the names of the Chapel, the Sacristy and Anti-chapel. The chapel still remains entire and perfect, but the two others are damaged by the falling down of the rock at the east end. By this accident, a beautiful pillar, which formerly stood between these two apartments, and gave an elegant finishing to this end of the sacred vault, was destroyed.

The chapel is not more than eighteen feet long, nor more than seven and an half in width and height; but is modelled and executed in a very beautiful stile of gothic architecture. The sides are ornamented with octagon pillars, all cut in the solid rock; which branch off into the ceiling, and forming little pointed arches, terminate in groins. At the east end is a handsome plain altar, to which the priest ascended by two steps; these in the course of ages have been much worn away, through the soft yielding nature of the stone. Behind the altar is a little niche, which probably received the crucifix, or pix. Over this niche is still seen the faint outlines of a glory.

On the north side of the altar is a very beautiful Gothic window, executed, like all the rest, in the living rock. This window transmitted light from the chapel to the sacristy; or what else shall we call

it, being a plain oblong room, which ran parallel with the chapel; somewhat longer than it, but not so wide. At the east end of this apartment are still seen the remains of an altar, at which mass was occasionally sung, as well as in the chapel. Between it and the chapel is a square perforation, with some appearance of bars, or a lattice, through which the hermit might attend confession, or behold the elevation of the host without entering the chapel. Near this perforation is a neat door-case, opening into the chapel out of this side room, or sacristy, which contains a benching cut in the rock, whence is seen a most beautiful view up the river, finely over hung with woods. Over the door-case within the chapel, is carved a small neat escutcheon, with all the emblems of the passion &c. the cross, the crown of thorns, the nails, the spear, and the sponge.

On the south side of the altar is another window, and below it is a neat cenotaph, or tomb, ornamented with three human figures, elegantly cut in the rock. The principal figure represents a lady lying along, still very intire and perfect: over her breast hovers, what probably was an angel, but much defaced; at her feet is a warrior erect, and perhaps originally in a praying posture; but he is likewise mutilated by time. At her feet is also a rude sculpture of a bull's or ox's head; which the editor of the ballad not unreasonable conjectures to have been the lady's crest. This was, as he observes, the crest of the Widdrington family, whose castle is but five miles from this hermitage. It was also the antient crest of the Nevilles, and of one or two other families in the north.

On the same side is another door-case, and near it an excavation to contain the holy water. Over both the door-cases are still seen the traces of letters, vestiges of two antient inscriptions; but so much defaced as to be at present illegible.

This door opens into a little vestibule, containing two square niches, in which the hermit sat to contemplate; and his view from hence was well calculated to inspire meditation.

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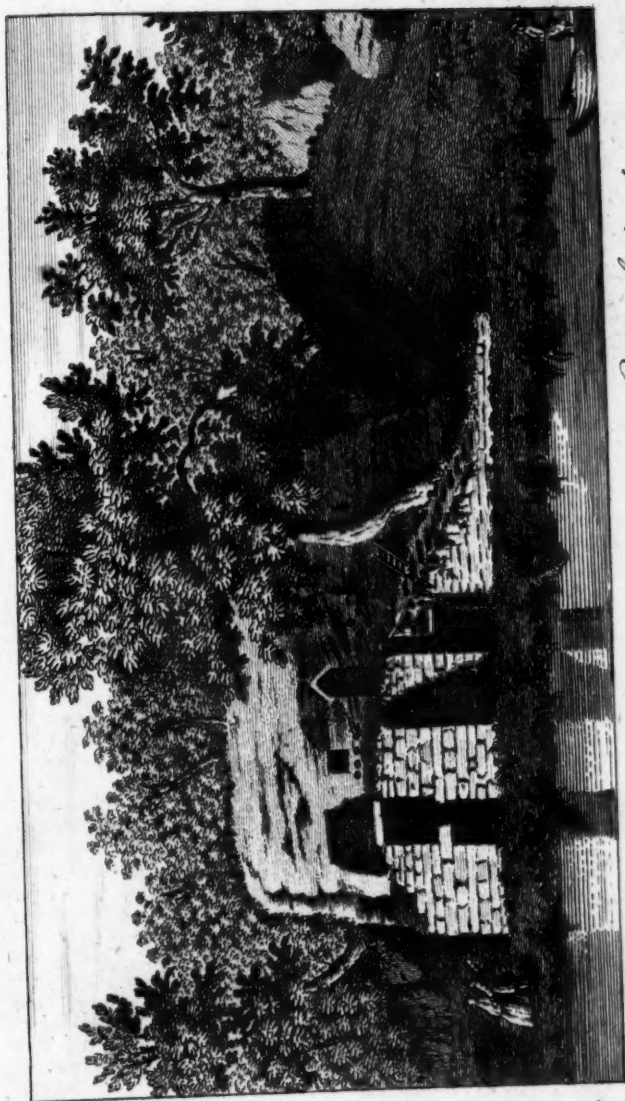
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The Hermitage near Warkworth in Northumberland.

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Over the inner door, within the vestibule, hangs another escutcheon, with some sculpture, which we took for the representation of a gauntlet; perhaps it was the founder's arms or crest. On the outward face of the rock, near the small vestibule above mentioned, is a winding stair-case, cut also in the living stone, and leading through a neat arched door-case in the same, up to the top of the cliff which joins the level of the ancient park: and here was planted the hermit's orchard. This has long since been destroyed; but cherry trees propagated from his plantations are still scattered over the neighbouring thicket. His garden was below at the foot of the hill.

As all the apartments above described seem to have been appropriated to sacred uses, it is natural to enquire, where was the dwelling of the hermit, or at least of his successors? This was a small square building, erected at the foot of the cliff that contains the chapel. It consisted of one single dwelling room, with a bed-chamber over it; and a small kitchen adjoining, which is now fallen in and covered with earth; but the ruins of the oven still mark its situation, and shew that some of the inhabitants of this hermitage did not always dislike good cheer.

This little building, erected below the chapel, being composed of materials brought together by human hands, has long since gone to ruin: whereas the walls of the chapel itself, being as old as the world, will, if not purposely destroyed, probably last as long as it, and continue to amuse the latest posterity. The present noble proprietors have thought this curiosity not unworthy their attention, and have therefore bestowed a proper care to have it kept clean and neat; have cleared the hermit's path, which was choked up by the river side; have restored his well, a small bubbling fountain of clear water, which issues from the adjoining rock; and have renewed the wood by new plantations at the top of the cliff, where the trees had been thinned or destroyed by time.

The most received tradition we have of the founder of this hermitage, is, that he was one of the Bertram family; probably the same Bertram, who having built Brinkburn-abbey, and Brinkhaugh-chapel, higher up the river, retired to end his life in this sequestered valley. But the editor of that beautiful poem, *The Hermit of Warksworth*, has given

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reasons why he thinks the hermitage was founded at a later period than those buildings, by another of the same name and family. It is also the universal tradition, that he imposed his penance upon himself, to expiate the murder of his brother.

The following lines are selected from the entertaining Poem of The Hermit of Warksworth, published two years ago.

NOT far from hence stands Coquet Isle
Surrounded by the sea;
There dwells a holy friar, well-known
To all thy friends and thee:

'Tis father Bernard, so revered
For every worthy deed;
To Raby Castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then strait to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way;
Mean-time in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the live long day.

And now, attended by their host,
The hermitage they view'd,
Deep hewn within a craggy cliff,
And over hung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing thro' a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little garden stands;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shows;
The chief a chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace;
The lattice for confession fram'd,
And holy-water vase.

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O'er

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear ;
And in a little 'scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend ;
And near a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb
All in the living stone ;
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel fairly carv'd
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
A weeping warrior at her feet ;
And near to these her crest.

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair :
Eager they ask, What hapless dame
Lies sculptur'd here so fair ?

The hermit sigh'd, the hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak :
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all bedewed his cheek :

Alas ! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe ;
And very mournful is the tale,
Which ye so fain would know.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

Young lord, thy grandfire had a friend
In days of youthful fame ;
Yon distant hills were his domains ;
Sir Bertram was his name.

Where'er the noble Percy fought
His friend was at his side ;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour try'd.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be ;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon tower's her dwelling place ;
Her fire an old Northumbrian chief
Devoted to thy race

Many a lord, and many a knight
To this fair damsel came ;
But Bertram was her only choice ;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents ;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blissful hour ;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won ;
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.

Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall ;
And there came lords, and there came
knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassel, mirth, and revelry
The castle rung around :
Lord Percy call'd for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
They sung : their high command :
" How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
" First led his northern band.

" Brave Galfred next to Normandy
" With venturous Rollo came ;
" And from his Norman castles won
" Assum'd the Percy name.

" They sung, how in the Conqueror's
fleet
" Lord William ship'd his powers,
" And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
" With all her lands and towers.

" Then journeying to the Holy Land,
" There bravely fought and dy'd ;
" But first the silver crescent wan,
" Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

" They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
" The queen's own brother wed
" Lord Joceline, sprung from Charle-
magne,
" In princely Brabant bred.

" How he the Percy name reviv'd,
" And how his noble line
" Still foremost in their country's cause
" With godlike ardour shine."

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the master's song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.
ON NUPTIAL HAPPINESS.

*The Joys of libertines, in vain,
Must be with their's compar'd;
Who knew no happiness, nor felt no pain,
But what each other shar'd.*

SOL. WALKS.

THE above lines truly describe the happiness of the married state, where love, sincere heart-felt love, a mutual esteem and reciprocal affection, actuate the united parties; and inspire them with a constant desire of pleasing and being pleased with each other through life.

But alas! how few *modern* couples, make it their study and endeavour to be mutually agreeable and equally endearing; the fashions and amusements of the age too much engross the greatest part of mankind, to leave room for the more important and interesting concerns of domestic felicity and connubial peace. *Religion*, the foundation of all earthly bliss, and *Morality*, the support of human society and commerce, how little are they regarded and attended to, or rather, how much neglected and despised by the unthinking multitude; and set at nought by individuals in particular. How much is it to be lamented, that immorality, sensuality, and dissipation, are the reigning vices and prevailing characteristics of the present times; no wonder that the honorable and holy state of *Matrimony* should be disregarded, or abused by the great, and ridiculed or made a jest of by the vulgar; when virtue, decency, and sobriety, are almost laughed out of countenance, and renounced by men in general; the common exclamation, *O Tempora, O Mores*, may with too much propriety be adopted by the thinking few, when reflecting on the vices practised, and the criminal enormities daily, and publicly committed with impunity.

It is not infrequently nor improperly observed, that many more *know* what is right, than *do* so, I cannot but apprehend it may too often very justly be applied to those who enter into the *married* state; they have been informed by their friends, or they have read, or their own reason tells them, what will conduce to the happiness of those who are united for life, but through an unpardonable inattention to the dictates of *reason*, *friendship* and *religion*, they make themselves miserable, and become the wretched dupes of *passion*, *jealousy*, or a *cold indifference*, either of which are sufficient to poison those ingredients which constitute the felicity of the nuptial tie, and render it a state of wretchedness, anarchy and confusion.

We are often told that an union of *hearts* as well as hands, is absolutely necessary to the continuance and confirmation of connubial bliss; and though we all readily allow it to be true, how much oftener do parents consider the union, or rather the largeness of estates and fortunes, than of hearts and affections, respecting their children; glaring absurdity! and after marriage, instead of being solicitous to keep the flame of Love alive and to make it daily burn the brighter, what anxiety and eagerness to make a show or figure, and to frequent the different places of amusement, while home becomes tiresome, and each other's company, a burden.

Hence learn ye husbands and wives of every degree, to strive more to please *one another* than the world, to make domestic happiness your constant pursuit, and to live in love, harmony and peace together, and may the God of Love and of Peace ever dwell in and with you.

May 8, 1776.

SOBRINUS JUN.

REFLECTIONS CRITICAL and MORAL on the LETTERS of the late Earl of Chesterfield: By Thomas Hunter, M. A.

NOT only truth, but the whole truth is exacted from us, when we would inform and instruct mankind. This is the more necessary on the present occasion, as the character and example of Lord Chesterfield, celebrated as he was

for wit and virtue, might otherwise do mischief, by propagating vice and vanity, folly and falsehood, among mankind. Besides, there is an ease, an elegance, and charm in his Lordship's style and manner, which may easily insinuate itself, and

and impose upon the common Reader; as his plausibility imposed even upon the wife and good, in his life-time. Court-logic is, perhaps, as fallacious as the school-logic; and we are in much less danger of being misled in our conduct and manners by the subtilty of a rusty Doctor, than by the refinement of a polite and well-bred man of distinction and family.

What most offends us in these Letters is, the immorality with which they are replete. As a Moralist, indeed, he affects to recommend virtue and good faith; but he is quite out of his element on this subject, and seems to have known no more of the essence, the power, the peaceful and happy effects of virtue, than of what is doing in the moon, or any of the remoter planets: And the whole perfection he requires of his son is the very reverse, not only of Christian duty, but of true Philosophy.

He considers moral virtue and honour, as passable qualities, and of some name and reputation in the world; and, as such, he recommends them to his son; but of the essential purity, the immutable nature, and eternal obligations of virtue, he had no conception; or, if he had, he prescribes practices, which he allows not strictly justifiable; and avowedly indulges a violation of Laws, both divine and human, in favour of your passions, where you may escape the censure, by not contradicting the fashion and opinion of the world.

Virtue and religion have in them a sublime, a perfection, and divinity, which hold no friendly commerce with the common manners of the world. The man of the world is too much, and too eagerly engaged in the business and pleasures of life, to lend a proper attention to abstract and spiritual subjects; or to relish the investigation of moral, intellectual, and religious truth.

Lord Chesterfield's system of Ethics is void of all sincere love to God or man, and may be properly styled a system of self-love. His Lordship is a remarkable proof of the truth of an observation, which he has more than once repeated, That the understanding is the dupe of the passions. With an uncommon share of understanding, enlarged and improved by reading and reflection, with all his wit, his studies, and superior sagacity, he has sacrificed the most uncontroverted principles and noblest efforts of virtue, love of your country, sincerity to your friends,

(which he scarce allows to have any existence) a contempt of pleasure, and vain-glory, to a gratification of the selfish passions, to what ambition aspires after, and to what the lower and animal appetites prompt. And the vices from which he would avert his pupil are not represented in their native deformity, as violations of the Laws of God, and of the sanctions of men; as contrary to the opinions and practice of the best and wisest, and as destructive of the principles of truth, and of the interests of society; but they are to be avoided from the consideration of their indelicacy, and the inconvenience and damage they bring to health, to fortune, and to your reputation in the world; so far as your interest may depend on that reputation, whether the world thinks right or wrong. Thus a common prostitute is forbidden, as what is dangerous and disgraceful; and keeping is condemned as what both the Indies could not support: But an intrigue with a Whore of Quality, married or unmarried, is a gallantry not forbidden, but proposed and inculcated by the father to his son, as what, besides other advantages, is not discreditible in the opinion of the world.

Some men's notions of virtue, and of the perfection of human Nature, have been so sublime and refined, that, their schemes being found impracticable, they have abandoned society and the world, to enjoy their ideal virtue in the shade. But Lord Chesterfield's notions of poor human Nature are such, and his virtue of so easy and pliant a temper, that its very essence may seem to consist in its versatility and conformity to the manners of those with whom you converse. Alcibiades's character, abandoned as it was, is, I think, proposed in this respect, as an example for his son's imitation; and a Court, according to his Lordship, the grand scene of simulation and dissimulation, is the proper soil for the growth, the display, and expansion of virtue.

The Noble Lord's courtesy and humanity, overflowing and benevolent as they seem, are all a profusion of verbiage, or the art of saying the best things, and offering your best services, meaning and intending nothing, but to deceive those who are simple enough to believe you sincere. For, to those who are in the secret, and mutually practise this mechanical trade of compliment, without any meaning, it is the most ludicrous farce in Nature. Fie on it, my Lord!

A shame

A shame upon that policy, which makes no distinction between prudence and artifice; between benevolence and flattery; between complacency and compliment; between wisdom and craft; between the modest reserve of the man, and professed dissimulation of the Courtier; which excludes sincerity and friendship, true philosophy, true virtue, and true religion!

Vanity, or an appetite for fame, which Lord Chesterfield has made the motive and foundation of Morality, and acknowledges to have been the principal incentive to his good actions, is itself a vice; or a virtue; if a virtue, which must dispose the practitioner of it to adopt every vice or folly in fashion. A steady perseverance in the practice of what is righteous, just, and good, in opposition to the fashion and corruption of the world, has, and, we hope, will ever be considered in the estimation both of reason, and revelation, as one of the most signal instances, and highest exertions of true virtue: But Lord Chesterfield, we presume, was the first Philosopher, who coolly and soberly recommended the fashion and corrupted opinions of the world, as the standard by which, and in conformity to which, you are to form your moral conduct. We cannot easily account for a Nobleman of such admirable parts, advancing such outrageous paradoxes; only this may be alleged in his favour, that he never published, nor surely ever intended that they should be published to the world: They are no more than his private sentiments, extracted from his commerce with the world, and communicated in confidence to a particular friend, on whose passions they might easily operate without opposition from reason or scruple of conscience.

You have in Lord Chesterfield a perfect picture of a man of the world. He will make the most of you, and of that world: He will affect your friendship; he will narrowly watch, and insidiously pry into you infirmities; he will fish out your secrets; he will flatter your foibles; he will connive at, rather than reprove, your faults: By a new-invented distinction between morals and manners, he will recommend and reconcile every plausible and insinuating artifice, in conversation and conduct, to the art of pleasing, to politeness, and political expediency.

We should not easily reconcile such a practice to the clear and sound understanding, and the candid and benevolent heart, which the Lord Chesterfield seems to be

possessed of, had we not been told, and did we not observe it proved to us by daily example, that the love of the world blinds the eyes of men, obscures their moral discernment; and that avarice and ambition, licentiousness and lewdness, generally dispose those who are devoted to them to evade or explain away the clearest laws, and to resist the plainest dictates of conscience, which contradict the indulgence of their favourite passions.

As a Wit and a fine Gentleman, he very properly proscribes vulgarisms; yet he has himself descended to one of the lowest;—the unmanly railing at all womankind, from his commerce, we imagine, with the worst of the sex. It is certain, that his Lordship's taste and reading had not led him to an acquaintance with the history of those Ladies whose beauty was the least of their perfections;—whose virgin sanctity or conjugal fidelity has done, and still does, honour to human Nature;—whose graces have contributed to the order and ornament, the peace and happiness of domestic life; whose councils have informed Princes, whose wisdom has directed the reins of Empire, whose prowess has conducted armies, fought battles, and defended kingdoms;—whose zeal and sincerity for the cause of God, and his truth, have inspired them with the courage to brave danger and death, and to embrace the rack and the flames.

Lord Chesterfield's calumny against the whole female world is the more illiberal, unjust, and inexcusable, as he beheld, with his own eyes, a living example of the foremost of her sex, in rank and dignity, still more conspicuous and elevated by the purity, the lustre, the majesty of her virtues.*

However, his Lordship might have been more consistent in his censures. He had observed in general, that 'among women, as among men, they are good as well as bad, and, it may be, full as many or more good than among men;' and that 'all general reflections, upon nations and societies, are the trite threadbare jokes of those who set up for wit without having it, and so have recourse to common-place.' Nay he elsewhere

* You seem not to know the character of the Queen: Here it is—She is a good woman, a good wife, a tender mother, and an unmeddling Queen.

prescribes a particular respect to be paid to the Ladies. Yet, after all this, polite and noble as he was, he descends to traduce the whole sex, and expose them in an odious and contemptible light. But consistency was no part of Lord Chesterfield's character as a Writer, or he would not have censured the late Earl of Bath, as long famous for his simulation and dissimulation, and yet have seriously recommended and justified these qualities to his son.

Thus too he censures those who censure Courts; yet he has himself given such a picture of Courts, as does no honour to the learning, the truth, and sincerity of those who frequent them. If he is sometimes lavish of his praises in favour of the brilliancy, the politeness and perfection of Court life and Court breeding, he is not less frank in his report of the ill faith and ill morals practised there. It is only the appearance of good faith and good manners which he requires in those who should shine there: And the Author, noble as he is, shews himself both illibe-

ral and dissingenuous, in the artifice he prescribes to be practised on the foibles and follies, the passions and prejudices of those who mean to engage in your service, and render conformable to your views.

His four volumes may be intitled, An intire Code of Hypocrisy and Dissimulation; containing the finesse, the artifice, the craft, the virtue, or the semblance of virtue, with all the external accomplishments necessary to form the character of the complete Courtier. The Christian, or, in other words, the sincere Moralist, will look upon the noble Lord, with all his wit, his genius, his elegance and penetration, as a little, a frivolous and superficial man; engrossed by selfishness, vanity, and ambition; and, in order to gratify these passions, a devout conformist to the world, its fashions and follies;—regardless of the interests or miseries of morality, but so far as he may reap advantage from them, and profit by the follies or frailties of mankind.

[Univ. Mag.]



THOUGHTS ON PREJUDICE, FLATTERY and VIRTUE.

THOUGH I am, like the generality of mankind, condemned by necessity to the toils and drudgery of business, yet my lot is not so severe but I can sometimes steal from them, and repose for a short time in the pleasing retreat of philosophy.

Mr. Pope has told us, that the principal study of mankind is man, and that the summit of human knowledge consists in the knowledge of ourselves. If it were possible for a moment to divest ourselves of those enemies to truth, self love and prejudice, we should not perhaps think so severely of mankind as we generally do, because we should then find in ourselves those very imperfections we behold with astonishment in others.

I mean, Sir, to allude only to those imperfections which are common to the best of us; for the murders, tyrannies, and cruelties of a Nero, the abominable vices of a Vitellius, or the ambition of an Alexander, who have each of them sacrificed the blood of thousands to their brutal thirst, will ever be regarded with the utmost horror and contempt by all reasonable beings.

Without meddling with these immortals, as they have each in their turn been stiled, I would wish to confine my ideas to what, in modern times, we call the more civilized class of mankind.

I have seldom entered into a select company, but the name of some absent person has been mentioned. One man has been extolled for being great in his profession; a second for the noble disinterestedness of his heart; and a third as an utter stranger to deceit: at the same time (such is the imperfection of human nature!) some one in company has modestly insinuated that it is true, the first is high in his profession, but that he has seen many things unworthy of the name they bear—that the disinterestedness of the second is a mere parade—and that the third is, at best, but a surly fellow.

I own, Sir, there is nothing wonderful in all this; and if we know not the parties sufficiently, we know not which we ought to be believe, he who asserts, or he who objects. Charity, however, in these cases, should direct our conduct. The empire of interest is unbounded, and the dominion it holds, even over the wisest men that ever breathed, is really astonishing

astounding: it converts the minister of darkness into an angel of light, it makes that appear amiable, which, if taken in the other point of view, would be truly shocking to the sight, and often keeps up a connection with a man who otherwise would be avoided more than plague, pestilence, and famine.

The inhuman libertine, who has feasted on the sacrifice of female virtue, who has plucked the flowers of innocence, which pleased his senses for a while, but were soon thrown away and neglected, who boasted in the affliction and distress of the most reputable families, into which he had introduced horror, shame and confusion; yet it is a chance if even this wretch has not some interested friend, who will sincerely attempt to extenuate his crimes.

The servile sycophant, who lies, flatters, and deceives, to please the ear of a deluded Crassus, and who, like the serpent, presses the earth with his belly, that he may spring forward, will find some one or other whose interest it may be to defend his conduct.

The treacherous guardian, who owes his extensive possessions to the plunder and ruin of the hapless orphan, and who converts equity and justice into fraud and avarice; yet will such a man, from the figure and parade he makes, receive complaisance from those interested in his favour.

Though there are too many monsters of these classes, who prey upon the weakness of the unwary, and who truly merit our highest indignation, yet let us not from thence conclude, that all men are alike: let us make large allowance for those errors and imperfections which may arise from the prejudice of education, or a warmth of temper, but in which the heart has no share.

Happy the man, who, through every station of life, is uniform, just, steady, and consistent, who stands fast in the cause of virtue, firm as the invulnerable rock, against which the fury of the angry billows break but in vain. He derides the utmost efforts of the storm raised by envy or malevolence, and smiles at the weakness of the attack. Disappointments never deject him, for he always finds a resource in his prudence, and, by redoubling his ardour, he rises above them with additional glory. As misfortunes cannot deject him, neither can prosperity prompt him to be vain or insolent. His life, through all its variations, will be one continued scene of prudence and consistency; and when the course of nature shall call him from the bustle of this busy life, he will moulder into ashes, as valuable as those of the mighty emperors of the earth.

[*Lon. Mag.*]

A Literary Portrait of Lord CHESTERFIELD.

LORD Chesterfield had a quick and clear conception of the subjects that lay within his sphere, and a fine imagination; an accurate and just taste for composition and works of genius, with a peculiar beauty of expression. His wit is prompt and natural, yet keen and manly; but it is unchastised and licentious, and though sometimes delicate, is frequently blunt and rude.—His style is easy and unembarrassed, yet correct and elegant, enriched with apposite metaphors, and all the splendid and even gaudy ornaments of the polite scholar and accomplished courtier. He is happy in expressions always suited to his subject; and nothing is farther from affectation than his language.

His Lordship appears to have had a real love of knowledge, and to have

made such a proficiency in literature, both ancient and modern, as does distinguished credit to his title and character in life. His acquaintance with books was indeed uncommon for a man of quality; and his taste and judgment were more just and solid than might be expected from a man of fashion.

He is not so laboured and affectedly learned as Lord Bolingbroke, but then he is more clear, more easy and agreeable; and insults not his reader with such a profusion of erudition, and such an exhibition of superior reasoning, upon every subject that occurs, as tend to speak him supreme dictator, in letters as in politics, in theology as in philosophy: but he is, in his writings, what we presume he was, in his life;—humane, cheerful, complaisant, and obliging; entertaining without

without form, and instructive without pride or insolence; desirous, at the same time, to please and to inform; and aiming to advise as a friend, rather than to dictate as a master.

As a critic, his Lordship, in conformity to the best modern authors, both French and English, adopts simplicity and truth, before affectation, conceit, refinement and brilliancy.

He has not indeed given us much that is new, on the subject of criticism, but he joins the general approbation and applause given to the greatmasters of antiquity, he does justice to their general characters, and sometimes aptly points out their particular beauties. But his own compositions exhibit the justest specimen of that correctness, perspicuity, and elegance which he recommends; and a thousand critical precepts would not contribute so much to form a perfect style, as his own example.

In his moral lessons, he gives not only the trite apothegm, or thread-bare maxim, but he illustrates his observations by happy allusions, enlivens them by wit, enforces

them by reason, and recommends them by proper examples; so that you are not only instructed, but pleased; not only informed, but charmed with his manner, his language, and address.

He had, from experience and reflection, a deep and extensive knowledge of human nature; and his observations on men and manners speak great sagacity, are just and clear, yet profound.

Upon the whole, he is a masterly writer and judicious critic; a pleasing and persuasive orator; on many subjects an entertaining, an instructive and very valuable author; on prudential, on political, on familiar subjects, a model of composition. But he must be read with caution, for with all his acknowledged excellencies, his sentiments and maxims are often directly subversive of the principles of both natural and revealed religion; particularly in his celebrated Posthumous Work, *The Letters to his Son*; the four volumes of which may be intitled, *An entire Code of Hypocrisy and Disimulation.*"

[*Bath and Bristol Mag.*]

A RAMBLE TO RANELAGH.

AFTER having walked through the Park a few evenings ago, I felt so much salubrity in the air, that I was not in the least inclined to turn back: Proceeding, therefore, leisurely along the Chelsea-road, I found myself, before I was aware, at the end of the avenue to Ranelagh; and the crowd of carriages continually passing and repassing, sufficiently informed me that the *Rotunda* was opened for the reception of the polite world: however, as I was not incommoded by dust, in consequence of the road's being watered, I paid little attention to them, till I arrived at the above mentioned place.—Then, indeed, I was as strongly impelled to follow the fashionable lead, as I had been to lengthen my walk; neither was I prevented from joining the votaries of dissipation, by not being dressed *au dernier gout*, tho' many persons would have been deterred from mixing with the *gentleest people in town*, in such a situation: but as my sentiments with regard to *appearance* are somewhat different from those who, with all their boasted liberty, chuse to make themselves slaves to *fashion*; as I went to Ranelagh more to see than

to be seen; I paid my half crown—considering it of as much value to the proprietors, as if it came out of the pocket of a Peer—without blushing, because I had no *bouquet* in my bosom, no smart cane with twisted strings in my hand, and only one watch in my fob.

Having easily gained admission, with all these disadvantages, my ears were at first regaled by a piece of musick, which is always a feast to them, and which, being admirably executed, would probably have detained them a considerable time—(tho' I have conversed enough with fashionable people to know that it is exceedingly vulgar to listen to musick there)—had I not been prevented by the conversation of two females dressed in the highest style, who, accosting each other, expressed mutual surprise, at their meeting in that place. The lady who seemed to take most upon her, and to give herself most airs, declared that she had never been seen there at so early an hour, as no genteel people ever thought of coming till nine: "but I have the misfortune to live in the nasty City, added she—as far as Thames-street; and my coachman telling

telling me it was a very long drive, defired me to confider his horfes; and I have been actually jolted to death; all the powder is fhook out of my hair."

"So much the better, replied the other; it fhould only have juft enough to take the glafs off the hair, which, when fhining is apt to deaden the complexion. Befides, every creature wears their curls as loofe as poffible, and 'tis vastly more becoming."

Upon this, I furveyed the heads before me which appeared to be ftuffed out to a very enormous fize; but what charingd me moft, was to fee it decorated with a prodigious quantity of fine white-heart cherries that really looked moft invitingly plump and juicy; tho' I confeß I thought them fuch improper ornaments for the head, that I turned from them, difgusted. I foon found, however, that I was rather fingular with my fenfations, as almoft every body feemed not only to ftare at thefe cherries, but to admire their ripeneß; epecially every female in the place: there was *one* lady in particular, who being in a longing condition, caft fuch wifhful glances at them, that I actually believed ſhe would have snapped at them, had ſhe been tall enough to reach them: but as the lowneß of her ftature excluded ſuch an attempt, ſhe followed them round and round for a long time. Upon the wearer's fitting down, ſhe endeavoured to get a feat near her, but in vain: ſhe ſtood, however, as clofe to her as ſhe could, till ſhe was ready to ſink to the ground, waiting with inexpressible impatience, as if ſhe expected the alluring fruit to drop into her longing mouth.—At length, a friend of hers coming up to me, asked me if I thought there were any real cherries of the ſame kind to be purchaſed any where in the neighbourhood, as the lady was near her time, and that a difappointment might be attended with dangerous confequences. In reply I told her, that I believed there were not any riper than thoſe ſhe ſaw, which might undoubtedly, be ſaid to grow in a *bot-bed*: but I could not help adding, that they were exhibited in a very improper manner, as the ſtrongeſt ſtomach muſt certainly be turned at the bare idea of eating cherries taken out of a dunghill compoſed of hair, wool, greaſe, and powder; not to mention the living animals which ſuch a mixture commonly produces, and which might crawl over the fruit in their march round their ca-

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pital.—The lady ſhrugged up her ſhoulders, made a face at my ſtating the affair as it appeared to me, and repeated what I had ſaid to her friend, with the ſtrongeſt additions, in order to cure her of her falſe appetite; but to no purpoſe. The pregnant lady proteſted, ſhe might not only loſe her life, if her longing was not immediately gratified, but deprive Mr. — (naming her husband) of an heir to his title and eſtate, for which he had been wiſhing with the greateſt anxiety theſe ten years.—"I am ſure, continued ſhe, I have been not only forbid almoſt ſpeaking and ſtirring ſince I was breeding, but prevented from going here and there for fear of a miſcarriage; and now the fuß and confinement I have ſuffered muſt come to *nothing*."

Here I ventured to interpoſe again, at the requeſt of her friend, and told her that if ſhe had the fruit even in her own mouth ſhe could not eat it, as it was nothing but a compoſition made to reſemble nature, "Well, then, cried ſhe, I muſt be ſatisfied with only handling them—for touch them I muſt, or die."

The lady who wore this tempting ornament, being made acquainted with the other's diſtreß on her account, was prevailed upon to lower her creſt a little, that it might come within the reach of the longing wife, who, to her great mortification, and the ſurprize of all preſent, ſeized the fictitious fruit with ſo much violence, that ſhe tore the whole ſuperſtructure to pieces; and to eſcape the clamour which ſuch an indefenſible behaviour might occaſion, pretended to faint away at the deception ſhe had met with by finding the cherries which had looked ſo attractive in her eyes, nor fit to preßed by her lips. In this condition, with a crowd about her, I left her ſurrounded with ſmelling-bottles, &c. &c. and the lady who had been ſo roughly handled by her, in the utmoſt conſuſion.

Soon afterwards I ſtepped into a box on the other ſide of the Rotunda, in which a ſhort ſquab woman was ſitting, with a broad flat face, and a head—(like the City of London) *over built*; with a great quantity of vegetables, &c. in her upper-works, and tea, coffee, &c. before her. Of theſe refreſhments ſhe was juſt going to partake with the higheſt ſatisfaction, declaring ſhe was almoſt *tired to pieces*, and ſtarved to death—and had actually made an attack on the

D d

battered

buttered rolls with unusual avidity, when a tall fine woman of the first form, with her hair dressed to an immensity of breadth as well as height, adorned with flowers, feathers, &c. entered the same box, and calling to her party—"Oh, here's a seat!"—immediately sat down. She then took hold of the tea tray, to draw it towards her, while her opposite neighbour—(opposite in more senses than one) pulled it back again in a very spirited manner, and, reddened like an incensed turkey-cock, exclaimed, vociferously, "First come, first served!"—The lady of fashion, without deigning to make any reply to the *Gotthick wretch*, drew the board towards her side of the table; but, in catching up the tea-pot, her head, most unfortunately, became entangled in that of her wrathful antagonist, and she had one of her finest feathers instantly dislodged by a *raddish* which grew—a formidable excrescence—out of her neighbour's curls, who in a very lively effort to disengage herself, or rather to harass the enemy, butted like an enraged bull against the forehead of the woman of fashion. By this effort a string of pearls, pendent on the hair of the latter, caught hold of a huge *leek* staring in the front of the former's head-dress, and dragged it off; and it hung dangling over the snowy bosom of the owner of the pearls.—Thinking herself now in some danger, and having her delicacy deeply wounded, the fine lady screamed with terror and disgust; declared at the same time, that the horrid stench of the *leek* was quite

overcoming, tho' it was composed of nothing but painted paper and tinsel, and strongly scented with lavender water; so strongly indeed, that if it had been dug up in the garden that moment, it would scarcely have been distinguished by its natural effluvia. However, as the olfactory nerves of women of quality are amazingly tender and acute, there was no persuading the lady in question, that she had not the most powerful scent of the onion in her delicate nostrils: nor was there less difficulty to persuade the little squab to sit down quietly, contented with the demolition of her kitchen-garden. She demanded satisfaction in a menacing tone, and even swore tremendously with a thundering voice, that she would have her *leek* back again, or perish.—With infinite labour and fatigue some gentlemen who kindly interested themselves in this personal quarrel, at length adjusted matters; and in consequence of their friendly remonstrances, accompanied with a few well-pointed petitions, each dishevelled female was glad to retire to a room in the house in order to be rendered *fit to be seen*.—There a hair dresser attended to repair the ravages they had committed;—tho' many persons will probably join with the *Laughing Philosopher* in thinking that they wanted more *dressing* *within* than without, and that the first Beauty in the kingdom will gain more real admiration by the enlargement of her *mind* than the expansion of her *head*.

West. Mag.

REFLECTIONS. on the DUTY of MERCY and SIN of CRUELTY to BRUTE ANIMALS.

AN animal, whatever it be, or where-ever it is placed in the great scale of being, is such, and is so placed by the great Creator and Father of the Universe. At the top of the scale of terrestrial animals we suppose Man; and when we contemplate the perfections of body, and the endowments of mind, which we presume, he possesses above all the other animals, we justly suppose him there constituted by his Maker. But superiority of rank or station exempts no creature from the sensibility of pain, nor does inferiority render the feelings thereof the less exquisite. Pain is pain, whether it be inflicted on man or beast; and

a brute is an animal no less sensible of it than a man. He has similar nerves and organs of sensation; and his cries and groans, in case of violent impressions upon his body, tho' he cannot utter his complaints by speech or human voice, are as strong indications to us of his sensibility of pain, as the cries and groans of a human being, whose language we do not understand.

Now as pain is what we are all naturally averse to, our own sensibility of it should teach us to commiserate it in others, to alleviate it if possible, but never wantonly or unmeritedly to inflict it. But the absurd barbarity of our prejudices and customs

customs often lead us to transgress this rule.—When we are under apprehension that we ourselves shall be the sufferers of pain, we naturally shrink back at the very idea of it; we can then abominate it; we detest it with horror; we plead hard for mercy; and we feel that *we can feel*. But when Man is out of the question, humanity sleeps, and the heart grows callous.

The mistaken indulgence of parents, and the various instances of sportive cruelty in some shape or other daily practised by men in all ranks of life; and the many barbarous customs connived at, if not countenanced, prejudice our minds to consider the brute animals as senseless and insignificant creatures, made only for our pleasure and sport. And when we reflect upon the most shocking barbarities, and see the brutal rage exercised by the most worthless of men, without controul of law, and without notice or reproof from the pulpit, we are almost tempted to draw this inference, that Cruelty cannot be a Sin.

And yet I believe it will be found not dissonant from reason, if we affirm that the cruelty of men to brutes is more heinous (in point of injustice) than the cruelty of men unto men. I will call the former *brutal* cruelty, and the latter *human* cruelty.

In the case of *human* cruelty, the oppressed man has a tongue that can plead his own cause, and a finger to point out the aggressor: all men that hear of it shudder with horror; and, by applying the case to themselves, pronounce it *cruelty* with the common voice of humanity, and unanimously join in demanding the punishment of the offender, and brand him with infamy. Moreover there are courts and laws of justice in every civilized society, to which the injured man may make his appeal; the affair is canvassed, and punishment inflicted in proportion to the offence. But in the case of *brutal* cruelty, the dumb beast can neither utter his complaint to his own kind, nor describe the author of his wrong; nor, if he could, have they it in their power to redress and avenge him.

For injuries committed in human society reparation may be made.—In various ways, you may make amends to a *man* for the injuries you have done him. You know his wants, and you may relieve him. You may give him cloaths, or food, or money. You may make him

happier than before you afflicted him. You may be feet to the lame, and eyes to the blind. You may entertain him, keep him company, or supply him with every comfort, convenience, and amusement of life, which he is capable of enjoying. And thus may you make some atonement for the injury which you have done unto a *man*; and by your assiduity and future tenderness, you may perhaps obtain his pardon, and palliate your own offence. But what is all this to the injured *brute*?—If by your passion, or malice, or sportive cruelty, you have broken his limbs, or deprived him of his eye-sight, how will you make *him* amends?—You can do nothing to amuse him. He wants not your money, nor cloaths. Your conversation can do him no good. You have obstructed his means of getting subsistence. You have marred his little temporary happiness, which was his all to him. You have maimed or blinded him for ever; and have done him an *irreparable* injury.—His present life (for any thing we know) is the whole of his existence; and if he is unhappy here, his lot is truly pitiable; and the more pitiable his lot, the more base, barbarous, and unjust in man must be every instance of cruelty towards him.

What should we think of a stout and strong man, that should exert his fury and barbarity on a helpless and innocent babe? Should we not abhor and detest that man, as a mean, cowardly, and savage wretch, unworthy the stature and strength of a man? No less mean, cowardly, and savage is it, to abuse and torment the innocent beast, who can neither help himself, nor avenge himself; and yet has as much right to happiness in this world as a child can have: nay, more right, if this world be his only inheritance.

Thus may the cause of the dumb creatures be pleaded on the principles of natural justice and humanity. And I shall be happy if any thing which has been here suggested, may have the blessed effect of mollifying a single human heart, or rescuing but a fly or a worm from unnecessary pain, though at the same time I am aware of the obloquy to which every man must expose himself, who presumes to encounter prejudice and long received custom.

To talk of a Man's duty to his horse or his ox, is in the language of the world

world absurd: To suppose it a *sin* to chase a stag, to hunt a fox, or course a hare, is *unpolite*: To esteem it *barbarous* to throw at a cock, to bait a bull, to roast a lobster, or to crimp a fish, is *ridiculous*. Reflections of this kind must be expected; though I have avoided the pointing out any particular instances of cruelty; for I had rather the proposition should be general, than Cruelty in any shape is equally foolish and detestable. But if it is applicable to any of the above-mentioned particulars, I have no objection to the inference. And I will not deny that I had these, and many more than these in view; as I am not ashamed to testify my utter abhorrence of every instance of cruelty. And surely Man with all his boasted reason is unreasonable, is deaf to the voice of justice, and obdurate to the feelings of compassion, when he abuses his power and dominion over the brute crea-

tion, those poor animals which being, for our sakes, irrational and dumb, have neither argument to convince us of our injustice, nor speech to utter their complaints.

But though Man be cruel and unjust, the Lord is righteous and merciful; and these brute creatures, though beneath the notice of Men, are not beneath the notice of the God that made them. He is the universal parent, and his mercies are over all: And as he is "righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works," He will undoubtedly require of man, superior man, a strict account of his conduct to every creature entrusted to his care, or coming in his way; and will avenge every instance of wanton cruelty and oppression, "in the day in the which he will judge the world in Righteousness."

[Bath and Bristol Mag.]



SCENES from the new Comic Piece called the SPLEEN, or ISLINGTON SPA.

The following humorous Scenes lie in the House of Rubrick the Bookseller, and, as they furnished great Entertainment in the Performance, they will probably be agreeable to our Theatrical Readers.

Enter CLERK and FOLIO.

Folio. YOUR pleasure, Sir!
Clerk. A little business, Sir. A bill for an hundred, accepted by Rubrick, and become due this day, you see! (giving the bill).

Folio. Let me see—'Please to pay'—um—um—'two hundred pounds'—um—um—'to Mr. Thomas Rubrick, Paternoster-row—accepted T. R.'—I don't know what to say to this—I have no directions about it, and my master's at Spa.

Clerk. The Devil he is! then the bill will be noted, that's all—Spa indeed!

Folio. Nay, don't be so furious. He's only at Tunbridge-Wells.

Clerk. Tunbridge-Wells!—The bill lies for payment at Dollar's and Co. in Birchin-lane, and, if not taken up this afternoon, will be protested.—Tunbridge quoth'a! who is to wait while your Master is sent to forty miles off and back again?

Folio. Forty miles! 'tis scarce half a mile. The New Tunbridge-Wells, Islington Spa, you know. (enter Aspin) Oh, here's my Master's kinsman, Mr.

Aspin. The bill's safe enough, he'll satisfy you.

Aspin. Hey day! squabbling! What's the matter, Folio?

Folio. Only a bill, Sir, become due to-day, and presented for payment—but my Master left no orders, and I don't know what to say to it.

Aspin. Ah, the old game!—I am not at all surpris'd at it. Such accidents happen every day. And how should it be otherwise! This comes of splitting himself, and dividing his time between two houses and two occupations. So that he is never to be found at either place, and follows regularly no business at all.

Clerk. Well—you know where the bill lies—if you don't send by six o'clock—

Folio. Oh, here is my Master!

Enter RUBRICK hastily.

Rubrick. Well, Folio; has the Gentleman been here that I was to meet between eleven and twelve?

Folio. Yes, Sir, and I told him your sent word that you could not get from the country till one; so he promised to call again, and I expect him every minute.

Rubrick,

Rubrick. You must let him know I came then, but was obliged to run out again directly, to attend a sale at the Globe, but shall be glad to see him at seven in the evening. (*going*)

Aspin. Did you ever see such a piece of quicksilver? Hip, Master Mercury! Hail, Rubrick!

Rubrick. (*returning.*) Ha! Mr. Aspin, are you there?

Aspin. Yes, and another Gentleman's here, that has business of a little more consequence.

Rubrick. What business?

Clerk. Only a bill, Sir, (*presenting it.*)

Rubrick. (*Looking at it.*) Very true, very true; here, Folio, take the young man into the counting-house, and pay it immediately!

[*Exeunt Clerk and Folio.*]

Well, kinsman! (*to Aspin*)—Oh, Folio! (*Folio returns*)—send little Primer, the shop-boy, to Pica the Printer's and desire 'em to let me have proofs of my New History of England, and the next sheet of Lord Littlewit's Jest. (*Folio going*) And Folio! (*Folio returns*) and tell him to call at the Laboratory, as he goes along, and see if they have mended the flues, and bottled the Elixir. (*exit. Folio*) Well, kinsman!

Aspin. 'Zouns, it's not well, kinsman; nor it won't be well, till you live in one house, and stick to one business.

Rubrick. Why so, kinsman? You might as well blame me for having two legs and two eyes, as two lodgings and two trades, Mr. Aspin.

Aspin. Two eyes that look different ways produce a squint, Mr. Rubrick; and our legs are meant to carry us both the same road, though they are placed on opposite sides. But you,—zouns, if you had as many eyes as Argus, or as many legs as a spider, you have employment for each of them.

Rubrick. What, wou'd you have me fix'd to my shop-door, like my sign-post? or d'ye think I can travel, like a snail, with my house upon my back, Mr. Aspin?

Aspin. No: But you have more roads than a way-post, more projects than a crack'd Politician; the town Jack of all trades, a mere jack o'lanthorn! half book-feller, half apothecary! half in town, half at Ilkington! doing every thing, and doing nothing! here, and there, and everywhere, and to be catch'd no-where!

Rubrick. A man involved in a multiplicity of business must have many en-

agements. As to books at one end of the shop, and medicines at the other, Apollo, you know, the Patron of Bookfellers, is the common God of Physic and Poetry: Besides, since the Doctors are most of them turned Authors, it is but proper that the Bookfellers, to keep pace with their principals, should become a sort of Apothecaries. But I shall be too late for the Globe; so your servant! (*going.*)

Enter MACHOOFF.

Your pleasure, Sir!

Machooft. Gin I ken reet, you're Master Rubrick, Sir!

Rubrick. I am, Sir.

Machooft. May I crave the favour of a word wi' you?

Rubrick. I was this moment going out, Sir.

Machooft. I ha' some particklar business.

Rubrick. Have you? Well, then, I attend you, Sir; and I'll send word to the Globe that I can't come at all.

Aspin. I thought so; last come first served is your rule, I see. I have some particular business with you too; but I'll stay till I can nail you down for two minutes to listen to it. You are stuck round like the man in the Almanack: So good day to you! I'll go and speak to my God-daughter Eliza, and then call upon the old fool you mean to make your son-in-law. Good day to you! (*Exit.*)

Manent RUBRICK and MACHOOFF.

Rubrick. And now what is your business, Sir?

Machooft. I understand, Master Rubrick, that you deal in buks and medicines, and that you bland the bible and cushion with the pestle and mortar. I ha' not, like many others of my countrymen, wretten a buk, but I ha' invanted a medicine.

Rubrick. Did you ever study Physic?

Machooft. I ha' not neglected the study of Pheesick; I am wal rad in Bracken's Farriery, and Gebson's Treatise on the Difases of Horses.

Rubrick. Did you ever practise?

Machooft. Yes, by my saul, I practised three years together in Lothian's dragoons, and cured the horses of aw the hool reeg'ment.

Rubrick. Dragoons! horses! Why this is all Farriery.

Machooft. Wal, Sir!

Rubrick. Why, what the Devil, are you a Farrier?

Machooft.

Machooft. Ay, by St. Andrew, a Farrier.

Rubrick. A Horse-doctor?

Machooft. Yas, a Doctor of Horse.

Rubrick. Well, but Doctor, how shall I venture to sell your medicine? Why, this horse-remedy will send my customers out of the world full-gallop.

Machooft. You are aw wrong. The animal œconomy in the hooman species and equine is vary femilar;—its only the deeffrence in the proportion o' the doses. Yo' may larn fra' Horace, that they are not encompatable—as he sweetly faings—*HOMANO capiti cervicem pæctor EQUI-NAM.*

Rubrick. Well, if Horace says so—But, Doctor, I must go inacks, you know that.

Machooft. You shall ha' five shellings i' the pound.

Rubrick. Five? I'll have half.—Ten, Doctor, or I don't touch it.

Machooft. You shall ha' three half-croons

Rubrick. Half! half!

Machooft. Ah, you're vary hard. You shall ha' tan then.

Rubrick. Well then, let me see! Ay, send me in fifty dozen of bottles or powders, which-ever it is, for a trial. They'll go among country chapmen. I'll advertise it in my new Paper immediately.

Machooft. You shall no' fail to ha' them. Your servant! (*going.*)

Rubrick. Oh, but Doctor! (*Mach. returns*) I had forgot. What diseases is your nostrum to cure?

Machooft. Haud you, haud you!—by St. Andrew, that's no leeght affair (*pausing*). What diseases do you think the most popular?

Rubrick. Doctor, your hand! Now I see you're a man of business. Let me feel a good thing in the secret way now—and yet that branch is over-run. Drops, pills, and electuaries, innumerable! What d'ye think of the Nerves, Doctor? 'Never were Nervous Disorders so frequent,' you know.—And then your name, Doctor? In drugs, as well as books, the Author's name is of no small consequence.

Machooft. My name is Machooft, Sir!

Rubrick. Machooft? Machooft, Doctor?

Machooft. Doctor David Machooft, Sir; and by my faul, Maister Rubrick, the medicine will not lack celebrity.—I ha' gotten already a diploma fram St. Andrew's, and in a mail or twa I expect an order from Sweden.

Rubrick. Do you? Why then Machooft's Mixture, or Swedes' Balsam, shall be the title of it.—A lucky christening is more than half the battle. We'll go in, and prepare the advertisement.

Machooft. Yas, we mun invastigate its axcellent faculties—it may be caw'd the Univarfel Ramedy, the Grand Specieck, the Panacæa!—and you may add a sma' Nota bene, that it's an infallible cure for Corns.

Rubrick. Ay, ay, Machooft's Mixture, or Swedes' Balsam, shall cure every thing; one thing as well as another, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Univ. Mag.*]



THE BIRTH OF SENSIBILITY. An Imitation.

ONE beautiful serene summer evening, after rambling in a grove of laurels, till the lamp of night arose, and gilded the objects around me, I seated myself on a bank of a winding river; a weeping willow spread over me its branches, which drooping swept the stream; an antique tower partly in ruins, mantled in ivy, and surrounded with yew and cypress, was the only building to be seen. I had been reading a melancholy tale, which in strong colours impressed itself on my memory, and led me to reflect on the strange pleasure we sometimes feel, in perusing the most tragical story. What, said I, can occasion it? can the human heart delight in the misfortunes of ano-

ther? forbid it heaven.—My eyes were fixed on the surface of the water, the soft beams of Luna sported on the waves, all nature seemed hushed to repose; when a gentle slumber stole upon my senses, and methought a being of angelic form seated herself beside me, a mantle of the palest sapphire hung over her shoulders to the ground, her flaxen hair fell in waving curls on her fine neck, and a white veil almost transparent shaded her face; as she lifted it up, she sighed, and continued for some moments silent: never did I behold a countenance so delicate—and notwithstanding a smile played upon her coral lips, her lovely blue eyes were fur-charged with tears, and resembled violets dropping

dropping with dew; beneath her veil she wore a wreath of mingled amaranths and jessamine. Wonder not, said she, in accents soft as the breath of Zephyrus, that a state of woe can please. I am called Sensibility, and have been from infancy your constant companion; my fire was Humanity, and my mother Sympathy, the daughter of tenderness. I was born in a cavern, overshadowed with myrtles and orange-trees, at the foot of Parnassus, and consigned to the care of Melpomene, who fed me with honey from Hybla, and lulled me to rest with plaintive songs and melancholy music—down one side of the cavern ran a stream from Helicon, and in the trees around it the doves and nightingales build their nests. I make it my sole care to augment the felicity of some favoured mortals, who nevertheless repine at my influence, and would gladly be under the dominion of Apathy. Alas! how inconsiderate! If the rose has thorns, has it not a vermeil tincture, and ambrosial sweetness? If the woodbine droops,

laden with the dew drops of the morning, when the sun has exhaled them, will it not be refreshed and breathe richer fragrance? so if a heart be touched with a story of distress, it will at the same time experience a delightful sensation; and if the tears oftentimes flow, say, can you call it weakness? can you wish to be divested of this genuine test of tenderness, and desire the departure of Sensibility?

Ah! no, fair nymph! still deign to be my attendant, teach me to sigh with the unhappy, and with the happy to rejoice. I am now sensible that the pleasure which arises from legends of sorrow, owes its origin to the certain knowledge, that our hearts are not callous to the finer feelings, but that we have some generous joys, and generous cares beyond ourselves.

Scarcely had I pronounced these words, when the loud tolling of the village bell broke the fetters in which Morpheus had bound me, and dispelled the airy illusion.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

SELECT OBSERVATIONS ON SIMILAR SUBJECTS.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

L O V E *.

I.

LOVE, abstracted and detached from any other sentiment, is but a transient flame, which is extinguished as soon as we become familiar with the object which kindles it: it never sincerely occupies the soul, but when it is solid affection. Love destroys and consumes itself, if it is not supported by a tender benevolence, of which none but regular and virtuous minds are susceptible: a benevolence which luxury and voluptuousness have banished, by substituting coquetry in its place, which always leaves the heart vacant.

II.

There is in Love a power,
There is a soft divinity that draws,
Even from distress, those transports that delight
The breast they pain, and raise its noblest powers
Above all taste of joys from vulgar life.

MALLET.

* *May is the Mother of Love.* Cunningham.

III.

To make Love durable and constant, it ought to contract a firm alliance with Friendship. These two sentiments lend each other mutual support. Love, by this union, becomes more solid, Friendship grows more tender; and their affections being sharpened, one by the other, become more *piquant*.

IV.

Love's force is shewn in countries cas'd
with ice,
Where the pale star in the north of heav'n
Sits high, and on the frozen Winter broods;
Ev'n there Love reigns.
There the proud God, disdainful Winter's
bounds,
O'erleaps the fences of eternal snow,
And with his warmth supplies the distant
fun.

DRYDEN.

V.

An alliance between two such tender passions as Love and Friendship must improve the heart, instead of corrupting it.

Animated

Animated by *them*, two lovers are fond friends, full of zeal and esteem for each other. They think aloud with each other; feel and express their sensations in union. Far from harbouring any mistrust, and from shunning a tie which they can never dissolve, they only dread a separation. They are eager to bestow themselves on each other, and to give more, if it was in their power. Love like this is not a frivolous amusement, pursued out of idleness or vanity; it fills and enlarges all the faculties. The mind, the heart, the imagination, the memory, are all agreeably affected; and it becomes the most important concern of life. To give one's heart to a woman of delicacy, is, in truth, to give ourselves to her entirely; and we ought thoroughly to examine *her* to whom we make a resignation of so much consequence.

VI.

The idle God of Love supinely dreams
Amidst inglorious shades and purling
streams;

In rosy fetters and fantastic chains
He binds deluded maids and simple swains;
With soft enjoyment woos them to forget
The hard toils and labour of the Great;
But if the warlike trumpet's loud alarms
To virtuous acts excite, and manly arms;
The coward boy avows his abject fear,
On silken wings sublime he cuts the air,
Scar'd at the noble noise and thunder }
of the war.

ROWE.

VII.

The love of a woman is inseparable from some esteem of her; and as she is naturally the object of affection, the woman who has your esteem has also some degree of your love. A man that doats on a woman for beauty, will whisper his friend, "That creature has a great deal of wit when you are well acquainted with her." And if you examine the bottom of your esteem for a woman, you will find you have a greater opinion of her beauty than any body else.

The TATLER, No. 206.

VIII.

No anger, no distaste can dwell with love—
With love like ours ennobled into friendship;
That while it soothes, invigorates the heart;
Union of wishes, harmony of wills,
Blended and lost in one consenting interest,
One undivided happiness, beyond
The solitary, joyless pride of power,
That dazzles, not delights.

MALLEY'S MUSTAPHA.

IX.

There is no time of our life, under what character soever, in which men can wholly divest themselves of an ambition to be in the favour of women. *Cardan*, a grave philosopher and physician, confesses, in one of his chapters, that though he had suffered poverty, repulses, calumnies, and a long series of afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, and impatient of life itself, but under a calamity which he suffered from the beginning of his twenty-first to the end of his thirtieth year. He tells us, that the railing he suffered from others, and the contempt which he had of himself, were afflictions beyond expression. I mention this only as an argument extorted from this grave and good man, to support my opinion of the irresistible power of woman. He adds, in the same chapter, that there are ten thousand afflictions and disasters attend the passion itself; that an idle word imprudently repeated by a fair woman, and vast expences to support her folly and vanity, every day, reduce men to poverty and death: but he makes them of little consideration to the miserable and insignificant condition of being incapable of gaining their affections.

The GUARDIAN, No. 7.

X.

Parent of bliss, and source of ev'ry joy,
Hail, genial Love!

So wide, so universal is thy sway,
In torrid climes where the tann'd *Aethiop*
glows,
On mountains mantled in perpetual snows,
All Nature courts thy reign, impulsive
all obey.

In fields or covert grove,
With amorous joys elate,
The linnet warbling to his feather'd mate,
Swells the mellow notes with Love.

The Pard, forgetful of his native ire,
With looks complacent eyes his spotted
dame;

No sparks of savage rage his breast inflame,

His bosom pants not but with amorous fire.
In vain the frigid nymph Philosophy,

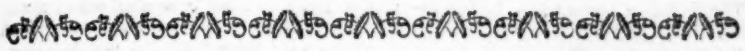
With supercilious brows and proud disdain

Boasts th' aspiring soul to free
From the soft bondage of thy rapturous
reign;

To root the darling passion from the
mind,

That bounteous Providence assign'd
A charm against the poison of despair,
The balm of life, and antidote for care.

[MAT]



The LITERARY REVIEW.

An Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By Adam Smith, LL.D. and F.R.S. formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. 2 vols. 4to. 1l. 16s. Cadell.

WHATEVER difficulties the financier or trader may find in the practical arts of acquiring and employing public or private wealth, the philosopher meets with difficulties no less perplexing, in investigating its nature and origin, and tracing back the several variations of real or apparent wealth to their true causes. The principles of commerce, the operations of money, the grounds of the rise or fall of the price of labour or provisions, the effect of public or private funds, and other topics of a similar nature, though frequently discussed, still remain subjects of dispute, and appear to be not perfectly understood. Some writers upon these subjects have been men of business, whose situations and employments have indeed given them an accurate knowledge of facts, and enabled them to communicate valuable information to the public; but whose education and manner of life have not been peculiarly adapted to qualify them for taking those comprehensive views, and pursuing those philosophical speculations, which are necessary in order to form this kind of knowledge into a regular system. Others, without being at the pains to collect and examine particular facts, on the ground of general ideas and principles alone, have formed theories, which, however ingenious, have often been found to contradict experience. Few writers in this way have united a proper attention to facts with a regular and scientific investigation of principles.

Among the most able of this latter class, we apprehend the public will agree with us in ranking the respectable Author of this work. He has taken an extensive and connected view of the several subjects in which the wealth of nations is concerned; and from a happy union of fact and theory, has deduced a system, which, we apprehend, is on the whole more satisfactory, and rests on better grounds, than any which had before been offered to the public.

The style and composition of this work, though suited to the subject, and, except in a few instances, sufficiently correct, is by no means its principal excellence. Its merit is of an higher order, and arises chiefly from the depth and accuracy with which the Au-

thor has investigated a subject of so complex and intricate a nature, from the truth of the principles which he has established, and from the importance and utility of the conclusions which he has enabled his readers to deduce.

A mere selection of the particular passages would neither do justice to the Author, nor give our readers a competent idea of the work. We shall therefore, in this and some subsequent Articles, lay before them a connected view of the general plan and most interesting particulars of this inquiry, in the form of abstract, without confining ourselves to the words of our author.

The design of the first book, to which we shall confine our attention for the present, is to trace the rise and progress of labour, and its operations, as the source of wealth; and to establish clear principles and precise ideas, concerning the origin and use of money, and the causes which determine, or which vary, the price of commodities and rent of lands.

The labour of a nation is the original source of its supplies, which consist in the produce of that labour, or what is purchased with it. The *productive power* of labour, or its capacity of yielding supplies, may be improved. The principal cause of this improvement is the *division of labour*, or distributing the labour necessary to produce any commodity among several hands. The general effect of this division may be understood, from observing its operation in particular manufactures. In pin-making, ten men, by taking each his distinct part of the labour, can make 48,000, or 4800 to one man; whereas a man not brought up to the business would certainly not be able to make 20 pins in a day. The division of labour cannot be carried so far in agriculture as manufactures. The benefit of the division of labour arises, from the improved skill and dexterity of workmen; from the saving of time commonly lost in passing from one employment to another; and from the use of machines to facilitate and abridge labour, which are either owing to the ingenuity of workmen wholly employed in one operation, or to that of artificers or philosophers who have made one branch of labour or science their occupation. The increase of productions by the division of labour increases wealth, as it gives every individual a greater power of communicating, and therefore of procuring, articles of utility or convenience.

The division of labour arises, by slow degrees, from a *propensity* in human nature to *barter and exchange*. Men obtain supplies in one kind by communicating them in another. One man, ingenious or dexterous in any particular article, exchanges the productions of his own labour for those of others; and finding this the best way of supplying his wants, applies himself wholly to one kind of employment. Without this distribution of labour, all having the same necessary work to do, none would have an opportunity of displaying particular talents, nor would the labours of one man be useful to another.

The division of labour is *limited* by the *extent of the power of exchange*, or the market. In small towns there cannot be so many distinct trades as in large ones. Water-carriage, by extending the market, encourages industry. Hence the sea-coasts, or borders of rivers, are first civilized; and many countries continue barbarous for want of rivers or canals.

In the simple forms of barter, exchange must be limited by the mutual wants of the persons concerned: unless each party needed the superfluities of the other, there could be no commerce. To remedy this inconvenience, every person, besides the produce of his own labour, would endeavour to keep by him such commodities as would be most likely to be generally received in exchange: thus cattle, fish, hides, shells, have been made common instruments of commerce. At length metals were generally adopted for this purpose, partly because they are exceeding durable, but principally because they are capable of being divided without loss, and thus conveniently proportioned to any quantity of commodity. Iron, copper, gold and silver, have been used as *money*, first in rude bars, afterwards in stamped pieces to prevent adulteration, then in *coin* to save the trouble of weighing. Money was received by weight, not by tale, till avarice and injustice raised the *nominal* above the *real* value.

The *value* of any thing, in exchange, is its *power to purchase other goods*. The real measure of the value of all commodities is *labour*. Every man is rich or poor, according to the quantity of the produce of labour which he can purchase. The exchangeable value of any commodity is therefore equal to the quantity of labour which it will enable the owner to command. Money varies in value, according to the degree of difficulty with which it is obtained, and from other causes, and cannot therefore be a certain measure of the value of other things, but equal quantities of labour must at all times be of equal value to the labourer; labour therefore will be an invariable measure of value. Labour, as well as other commodi-

ties, has a real and a nominal price; the *real*, the quantity of real goods which is given for it; the *nominal*, the sum paid for it. Money is an exact measure of the value of goods at the same time and place; but at different times and places it varies. Corn is a good measure of the value of commodities from century to century, because it will nearly command equal quantities of labour from century to century; but from year to year it varies on account of the fluctuation of the seasons: nothing but labour is a uniform measure of real value. The nominal value of any commodity is the quantity of gold or silver for which it is sold, without regard to the denomination of the coin. Six shillings and eight-pence was the same money price in the time of Edward II. with a pound sterling at present, containing as much pure silver.

The price of every commodity may be resolved into one or more of these three parts, the wages paid for the labour spent upon it, the profit allowed for the stock employed in carrying on the manufacture, and the rent of land. Corn, flour, flax, and most other articles, resolve their price into these three parts: that of fish commonly arises only from two of them, wages, and profit of stock. The price of all the commodities which compose the whole annual produce of the labour of every country taken complexly may be thus resolved. All revenue is derived from wages, profit, or rent. The revenue arising from interest, is stock lent to be employed by another, and is therefore only a division of profit between the borrower and lender. Rent and profit, and wages and profit, are sometimes confounded by those who farm their own estates.

In every society or neighbourhood there are average rates of wages, profit, and rent, which may be called the *natural rate*. The *natural price* of any commodity is that which is just sufficient to pay the rent of land, wages of labour, and profit of stock, according to the natural rates. The *actual* or *market price* often differs from the *natural price*; being regulated by the proportion of supply and demand. When the market price sinks and continues below the natural price, either rent, wages, or profit, must be lowered; when it rises, one or more of these will rise. In those articles which do not afford regular produce according to labour, as grain, &c. the market price must be subject to frequent variations. The market price is often kept up above the natural price, by concealing the increase of demand, by preserving secrets in manufactures, by monopolizing the sale, and by all laws which limit competition in particular employments. It seldom continues long below the natural price; for, in this case, the seller feeling the

the loss, will soon lessen the supplies, and raise the demand.

The natural price of commodities varies according to the different natural rates of wages, profit, or rent, each of which are fluctuating. The causes of the variations in each are next considered.

The variety of subjects which our Author has discussed in this first book is so great, that it is impossible for us to enter into the particular examination of his opinions and observations on each.

[Monthly Review.]

Travels in Greece: or, an Account of a Tour made at the Expence of the Society of Dilettanti. By Richard Chandler, D.D. Fellow of Magdalen College, and of the Society of Antiquaries. 4to. 16s. Beards. Doddsley.

We have the pleasure to resume an agreeable narrative, in which the author, with accuracy and minuteness, recites the Travels they performed in Greece, in the course of which we hope to gratify our readers with classical entertainment.

The vessel which the travellers engaged for their voyage from Smyrna to Athens, was one belonging to Hydre, a small island, or rather rock near Scyllæum, a promontory of the Peloponnesus opposite to Sunium in Attica. They embarked the 20th of August, 1765. The day after the wind increased, and at night became extremely tempestuous, attended with dreadful flashes of lightning, and much thunder and rain. At the dawn of the morning the gale abated; but there remained a very turbulent swell, and this day was consumed in standing to and fro between the island Andros, and a cape now called D'Oro, anciently Caphareus, the southern promontory of Eubœa toward the Hellespont; formerly noted for dangerous currents, and the destruction of the Grecian fleet on its return from Troy. The fifth day after leaving Smyrna the voyagers anchored within Cape Sunium, where landing, they ascended the promontory, to view the ruin of the temple of Minerva Sunias, which is described as overlooking the sea from its lofty situation, and visible from afar. Sunium, Dr. Chandler observes, was one of the demi or burrough-towns of Attica, belonging to the tribe named Attalis. It was fortified by the Athenians in the Peloponnesian war, as a secure port for vessels and provisions. The site, which has been long deserted, is over-run with bushes of mastic, low cedars, and ever-greens. The wall may be traced, running along the brow from near the temple, which it inclosed, down to the port. The masonry was of the species termed pseudodromum. The steep precipices and hanging rocks were a sufficient defence toward the mouth of the

gulph. Some other fragments of solid wall remain, but nearly level with the ground.

The temple of Minerva Sunias was of white marble, and probably erected about the same time with the great temple of Minerva called the Parthenon, in the Acropolis at Athens; having the same proportions, but greatly inferior in magnitude. The order is Doric, and we are informed that it appears to have been a fabric of exquisite beauty. It had six columns in front. Nine columns were standing on the south-west side in the year 1676, and five on the opposite, with two antæ or pilasters at the south end, and part of the pronaos. The number is now twelve, besides two in front and one of the antæ; the other lying in a heap, having, as the travellers were informed, been recently thrown down by the famous Jassier Bey, then captain of a Turkish galeote, to get at the metal which united the stones. The ruin of the pronaos is much diminished. The columns next to the sea are scaled and damaged, owing to their aspect. The travellers searched diligently for inscriptions, but without success, except finding on the wall of the temple many modern names, with the following memorial in Greek, cut in rude and barbarous characters: *Onesimus remembered his sister Chryste.* The old name Sunium is disused, and the cape distinguished by its columns, *Cape Colomi.*

The voyagers afterwards proceeded to Egina, the country of Æacus, an island situated in the gulph between the two promontories, Sunium and Scyllæum. Of their passage thither, and the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, Dr. Chandler gives the following account:

‘The distant hills continued hazy; but the wind being fair, we embarked on the second evening after our landing at Sunium, and setting sail, passed very near to a small island called Gaitharonesi (Asses Island), a naked rock, except a few bunches of thyme; not even a shrub growing on it; the clefts inhabited by wild pigeons. It once bore the name of Patroclus, by whom it was fortified with a wall and a fosse. He was sent with some Egyptian triremes to assist the Athenians against Antigonos son of Demetrius. Sailing on, we had on our right hand the mountain Laurium, formerly noted for silver mines. The coast of Africa was bare, and of a parched aspect.

‘We had now sea-room and a prosperous gale. The genius of the Greek nation prevailed, and was displayed in the festivity of our mariners. One of the crew played on the violin and on the lyre; the latter, an ordinary instrument with three strings, differing from the kitar, which has two and a much longer handle. The captain, though a bulky man, excelled with two of his

boys, in dancing. We had been frequently amused by these adepts. It mattered not whether the vessel was still in port, or rolling, as now, on the waves. They exerted an extraordinary degree of activity, and preserved their footing, for which a very small space on the deck sufficed, with wonderful dexterity. Their common dance, which was performed by one couple, consisted chiefly in advancing and retiring, expanding the arms, snapping the fingers, and changing places; with feats, some ludicrous, and to our apprehension indecent.

‘The sun sat very beautifully, illuminating the mountain tops, and was succeeded by a bright moon in a blue sky. We had a pleasant breeze, and the land in view, sailing as it were on a wide river. A smart gale following a short calm, and driving us along at a great rate, in the morning by sun-rise we had reached Ægina, and were entering a bay; the mountain Panhellenius, covered with trees, sloping before us, and a temple on its summit, near an hour distant from the shore, appearing as in a wood. The water being shallow, a sailor leaped overboard, carrying a rope to be fastened, as usual, to some stone or crag by the sea-side.

‘We set out for the temple, which was dedicated to Jupiter Panhellenius, on foot, with a servant and some of the crew bearing our umbrellas and other necessities. One of the sailors had on a pair of sandals made of goat-skin, the hairy side outward. The ascent was steep, rough, and stony, between bushes of mastic, young cedars, and fir-trees, which scented the air very agreeably. Some tracts were quite bare. On the eminence our toil was rewarded by an extensive view of the Ælæic and Peloponnesian coasts, the remoter mountains inland, and the summits in the Ægean Sea; the bright surface, which intervened, being studded as it were with islands; many lying round Ægina, toward the continent; and one, called anciently B’bina, stretching out toward the mouth of the gulf. We saw distinctly the Acropolis of Athens, seated on a hill near the middle of a plain, and encompassed with mountains, except toward the sea; a portion of its territory, covered with dusky olive-groves, looking black, as if under a dark cloud.’

—‘The temple of Jupiter Panhellenius is of the Doric order, and had six columns in front. It has twenty-one of the exterior columns yet standing; with the two in the front of the pronaos and of the posticum; and five of the number, which formed the ranges within the cell. The entablature, except the architrave, is fallen. The stone is of a light brownish colour, much eaten in many places, and by its decay witnessing a very great age. Some of the columns have been injured by boring to their centers for the metal. In several the junction of the parts is so exact, that each seems to consist of one piece. Digging by a column of the portico of the naos, we

discovered a fragment of fine sculpture. It was the hind part of a greyhound of white marble, and belonged, it is probable, to the ornaments fixed on the frieze, which has a groove in it, as for their insertion. I searched a few yards for this remnant, but found only a small bit, with some spars, sufficient to show that the trunk had been broken and removed. The temple was inclosed by a peribolus or wall, of which traces are extant. We considered this ruin as a very curious article, scarcely to be paralleled in its claim to remote antiquity. The situation on a lonely mountain, at a distance from the sea, has preserved it from total demolition amid all the changes and accidents of numerous centuries. Since the worship of Jupiter has been abolished, and Ææcts forgotten, that has been its principal protection; and will, it is likely, in some degree prolong its duration to ages yet remote.’

As the travellers were passing round Ægina, they were amused by a very striking phenomenon. The sun was setting; and the moon, when risen in the opposite portion of the hemisphere, was seen adorned as it were with the beams of that glorious luminary, which appeared, probably from the reflexion or refraction of the atmosphere, not as usual, but inverted, the sharp end pointing to the horizon, and the ray widening upwards.

No vestiges remain of the city of Ægina, which once rivalled its neighbour Athens in commerce; its site being now quite naked, except a few wild fig-trees, and some fences made by piling the loose stones. Instead of the temples mentioned by Pausanias, the travellers beheld thirteen lonely churches, all very mean, as usual; and two Doric columns supporting their architrave. These stand by the sea-side, and are supposed to be a remnant of a temple of Venus, which was situated by the port principally frequented. The theatre and stadium are now entirely obliterated; but the walls belonging to the port and arsenal may be traced to a considerable extent, above, or nearly even with the water. The travellers observed on the shore a barrow, the same, it is supposed, which anciently stood by the Æacæum, and was designed for Phocæus; the history of which Dr. Chandler concisely delivers, according to his usual practice.

The voyagers sailed from Ægina in the afternoon with a fair wind, and in the evening anchored in the renowned haven of the Piræus, distant only about twenty miles. Here they had the satisfaction to be informed that the plague had not reached Athens. Some Greeks, to whom the captain had notified his arrival, came on board early in the morning. The wine circulated briskly, and their meeting was celebrated, as usual among this lively people, with singing, fiddling, and dancing. The travellers left them, and were landed at the custom-house, exceedingly struck with the solemn silence and solitude of this once crowded emporium.

Athens,

Athens, as Dr. Chandler observes, had three ports near each other, the Piræus, Munychia, and Phalerum, all which he describes.

Dr. Chandler entertains, as well as informs his readers, by mixing with the narrative the descriptions that have been preserved by ancient writers. He has, with great propriety, had frequent recourse to Pausanias, whose observations relative to those places are particularly minute and distinct; from whom he premises an account of the roads which anciently led from Piræus to Athens, whither our attention is now directed. The progress of the travellers in this route, is thus related by our author.

After passing the site of the theatre and the termination of the rocky peninsula, we had on the right hand a level spot covered with stones, where, it is probable, was the remoter agora of the Piræus. Farther on by the roadside is a clear area within a low mound, formed perhaps by concealed rubbish of the walls of the temple of Juno. We then entered among vineyards and cotton-grounds, with groves of olive-trees. On one side rises a large barrow, it is likely, the cenotaph of Euripides. In a tree was a kind of couch, sheltered with boughs, belonging to a man employed to watch there during the vintage. The foul weather we experienced at sea had extended to Attica, where heavy showers had fallen, with terrible thunder and lightning, flooding the land, and doing much damage. An Albanian peasant was expecting the return of the archon, who was one of the annual magistrates called epitropi or procurators, with a present of very fine grapes, on which we regaled: and another, who was retiring with his leather bucket, hanging slaccid at his back, enabled us to get water from a well about mid-way.

Beyond the vineyards are the public cisterns, from which water is dispensed to the gardens and trees below, by direction of the owners, each paying by the hour, the price rising and falling in proportion to the scarcity or abundance. In the front is a weeping willow, by which is inserted a marble with an ancient sepulchral inscription in fair characters. Beyond the cisterns is the mountain once called Lycabettus, lying before the Acropolis. It is bare or covered with wild sage and plants, except where the scanty soil will admit the plough. It was formerly in repute for olives. We saw behind the cisterns a marble statue, sedent; as we supposed, of a philosopher. It was sunk in the ground and the face much injured, but, we were told, had been discovered, not many years before, entire.

The road, dividing at the cisterns, branches through the plain, which is open and of a barren aspect. The way to the left of Lycabettus, which anciently led to the Piræan gate, now passes on between the solitary temple of Theseus, and the naked hill of the Areopagus, where the town begins. On that side is also a

track leading over Lycabettus. We proceeded by the way to the right, on which, at some distance from the cisterns, is an opening in the mountain, and a rocky road worn with wheels, separating the hill of Mufæum from Lycabettus, and once leading to the Melitenian gate, which was before the Acropolis.

We kept on in the plain, and crossed the dry bed of the Ilissus. On our left were the door-ways of ancient sepulchres hewn out in the rock; the Mufæum, and on it the marble monument of Philopappus; and then the lofty Acropolis, beneath which we passed. Before us was a temple standing on the farther bank of the Ilissus; and some tall columns, of vast size, the remains of the temple of Jupiter Olympius. We arrived at the French convent, which is at this extremity of the town, infinitely delighted and awed by the majesty of situation, the solemnity and grandeur of ruin, which had met us.

Early in the morning the travellers were visited by the French consul, and the archons or principal Greeks in a body. They were pleased with the civil behaviour of the people in general, and enjoyed a tranquillity to which they had long been strangers.

In the seventh chapter of the volume Dr. Chandler delivers a concise account of the various revolutions which have happened in the fortune of Athens, from its origin to the present time; with the extent of the walls when the city was in its prosperity. Including those of the Piræus, it is said to have been one hundred and ninety-five stadia, or twenty-four miles a quarter and an half, in circumference. It is now, we are informed, not inconsiderable, either in extent or the number of inhabitants. Situated in the latitude of thirty-eight degrees five minutes, it enjoys a fine temperature, and a serene sky. The air is clear and wholesome, though not so delicately soft as in Ionia. The town stands beneath the Acropolis or citadel, not encompassing the rock, as formerly, but spreading into the plain, chiefly on the west and north-west. Some masses of brick work, standing separate, without the town, are supposed to have belonged to the ancient wall, of which other traces also appear. The houses are mostly mean and straggling; many with large crests or courts before them. In the lanes, the high walls on each side, which are generally white-washed, reflect strongly the heat of the sun. The streets are very irregular, and anciently were neither uniform nor handsome. They have water conveyed in channels from mount Hymettus, and in the bazar or market-place is a large fountain. The Turks have several mosques and public baths. The Greeks have convents for men and women; with many churches, in which service is regularly performed.

Having described the modern state of this celebrated city, we shall, in our next Review

view, proceed to give an account of the antiquities. [Crit. Rev.]

The History of the American Indians, &c. By James Adair, Esq; a Trader with the Indians, and Resident in their Country forty Years. 4to. 15s. Boards. Dilly.

The subject of this work must be highly interesting to every philosophic inquirer, because it is intimately related to the history of man, the nature and properties of the human mind, and the steps and modes by which it spontaneously advances from the savage to a civilized state. We wish it were allowable for us to pronounce the execution of it as meritorious as the subject is useful and important.

The appetites, passions, faculties, powers, wants, infirmities, and aversions, common to all mankind, have, in their natural operations, led the inhabitants of very distant and unconnected countries into similar superstitious, pursuits, customs, and modes of life; several writers, however, not attending to this truth, have imagined the Aborigines of America to be descended from the Jews, because their manners and religious ceremonies, in some particulars, resemble those which subsisted among the Israelites, while they, like other nations, were in a savage state. Mr. Adair, in particular, has adopted this notion of the Hebrew origin of the American Indians, and a great part of his work is employed in supporting it, by arguments drawn from 'their division into tribes—their worship of Jehovah—their notions of a theocracy—their belief of the ministration of angels—their language and dialects—their manner of counting time—their prophets and high priests—their festivals, fasts, and religious rites—their daily sacrifice—their absolutions and anointings—their laws of uncleanness—their abstinence from unclean things—their marriages, divorces, and punishments of adultery—their several punishments—their cities of refuge—their purifications, and ceremonies preparatory to war—their ornaments—their manner of curing the sick—their burial of the dead—their mourning for their dead—their raising seed to a deceased brother—their choice of names adapted to their circumstances and the times—and their traditions.' But we have reason to believe that in many of these particulars a strong predisposition of our Author's imagination has led him to fancy resemblances where they do not really exist; and, in some cases, it certainly has induced him to misrepresent and explain away facts militating against his favourite hypothesis. Of this we find instances even at the very beginning of his work, where, to discredit the opinion of those who maintain the Indians

of America to be a distinct species of the human genus, originally created on that continent, and to prepare us to believe the notion of their Jewish extraction, he labours to confound and destroy the two great characteristic peculiarities of these Indians; we mean their want of beards, and their reddish brown colour. The latter of these he represents as an artificial circumstance; and the former, as a fallacious appearance, occasioned by a practice said to exist among them, of plucking out the hairs which would otherwise render them bearded. Nothing can, however, be more feeble and erroneous than the Author's reasons and assertions respecting these particulars. It is not true that the use of bears' oil or grease mixed with a certain red root, does, as he asserts, 'produce the Indian colour;' because this colour is common to all the different aboriginal nations of America, many of whom, to our certain knowledge, do not use any external application fitted to produce it. But were the skins of the people of one generation thus artificially stained, the discolouration would not descend to their posterity, as the children of gypsies sufficiently prove. Indeed Mr. Adair himself appears conscious of this truth, and therefore recurs to the influence of maternal imagination, as a cause of the propagation of the pretended artificial Indian colour. This, however, is a cause which modern philosophers will hardly admit, though it may be satisfactory to nurses and others equally ignorant and credulous. The effects which he mentions as having been occasioned by *Jacob's rods*, could only result from a supernatural interposition of Divine Power, and are therefore totally inapplicable to this question. But if Mr. Adair thinks otherwise, let him repeat Jacob's experiment, and, the better to discover whether the varieties of colour which may happen among his herds in the course of it, are really produced by the force of imagination, let him paint his rods scarlet and green, and see if he can ever obtain a calf spotted with those colours.

We are ready to admit, with Mr. Adair, that the savages in many parts of America do occasionally extract the fine slender hairs growing in different parts of their bodies; but, from the best authority, we maintain that these hairs are very different in texture and species from those which grow on the chins of adult males in Europe, and that they are wholly incapable of ever producing what is properly termed a beard.

After having employed near 200 pages in attempting to prove that the Aborigines of America are '*red Hebrews*,' the Author proceeds to describe the manners and customs of the *Katappa*, *Cherokee*, *Muskogee*, *Chok-tah*, and *Chikaskaw* nations; but with these we are not sufficiently acquainted to determine how far his descriptions are in all cases just,

just, or in what particular instances he has been misled by his favourite hypotheses.

Mr. Adair next proceeds to deliver some General Observations on the North American Indians, and, as a specimen of the work, we shall give our Readers an Extract from this part of it:

‘It has been too long feelingly known, that instead of observing the generous and hospitable part of the laws of war, and saving the unfortunate who fall into their power, that they generally devote their captives to death, with the most agonizing tortures. No representation can possibly be given, so shocking to humanity, as their unmerciful method of tormenting their devoted prisoner; and as it is so contrary to the standard of the rest of the known world, I shall relate the circumstances, so far as to convey proper information thereof to the reader. When the company return from war, and come in view of their own town, they follow the leader one by one, in a direct line, each a few yards behind the other, to magnify their triumph. If they have not succeeded, or any of their warriors are lost, they return quite silent; but if they are all safe, and have succeeded, they fire off the Indian platoon, by one, two, and three at a time, whooping and insulting their prisoners. They camp near their town all night, in a large square plot of ground, marked for the purpose, with a high war-pole fixed in the middle of it, to which they secure their prisoners. Next day they go to the leader’s house in a very solemn procession, but stay without, round his red painted war-pole, till they have determined concerning the fate of their prisoners. If any one of the captives should be fortunate enough to get loose, and run into the house of the arch-magus, or to a town of refuge, he by an ancient custom is saved from the fiery torture—these places being a sure asylum to them if they were invaded, and taken, but not to invaders, because they came to shed blood.

‘Those captives who are pretty far advanced in life, as well as in war-gradations, always atone for the blood they spilt, by the tortures of fire.—They readily know the latter by the blue marks over their breasts and arms; they being as legible as our alphabetical characters are to us. Their ink is made of the foot of pitch-pine, which sticks to the inside of a greased earthen pot; then delineating the parts, like the ancient Picts of Britain, with their wild hieroglyphics, they break through the skin with gair-fish teeth, and rub over them that dark composition, to register them among the brave; and the impression is lasting. I have been told by the Chikkasah, that they formerly erased any false marks their warriors proudly and privately gave themselves—in order to engage them to give proofs of their martial virtue, being surrounded by the

French and their red allies; and that they degraded them in a public manner, by stretching the marked parts, and rubbing them with the juice of green corn, which in a great degree took out the impression.

‘The young prisoners are saved, if not devoted while the company were sanctifying themselves for their expedition; but if the latter be the case, they are condemned, and tied to the dreadful stake, one at a time. The victors first strip their miserable captives quite naked, and put on their feet a pair of bear-skin moccasins, with the black hairy part outwards; others fasten with a grape-vine, a burning fire-brand to the pole, a little above the reach of their heads. Then they know their doom—deep black, and burning fire, are fixed seals of their death-warrant. Their punishment is always left to the women; and on account of their false standard of education, they are no way backward in their office, but perform it to the entire satisfaction of the greedy eyes of the spectators. Each of them prepares for the dreadful rejoicing, a long bundle of dry canes, or the heart of fat pitch-pine, and as the victims are led to the stake, the women and their young ones beat them with these in a most barbarous manner. Happy would it be for the miserable creatures, if their sufferings ended here, or a merciful tomahawk finished them at one stroke; but this shameful treatment is a prelude to future sufferings.

‘The death-signal being given, preparations are made for acting a more tragical part. The victim’s arms are first pinioned, and a strong grape-vine is tied round his neck, to the top of the war-pole, allowing him to track round about fifteen yards. They fix some tough clay on his head, to secure the scalp from the blazing torches. Unspeakable pleasure now fills the exulting crowd of spectators, and the circle fills with the Amazon and merciless executioners.—The suffering warrior, however, is not dismayed; with an insulting manly voice he sings the war-song, and with gallant contempt he tramples the rattling gourd with pebbles in it to pieces, and out-braves even death itself. The women make a furious onset with their burning torches: his pain is soon so excruciating, that he rushes out from the pole, with the fury of the most savage beast of prey, and with the vine sweeps down all before him, kicking, biting, and trampling them, with the greatest despite. The circle immediately fills again, either with the same, or fresh persons: they attack him on every side—now he runs to the pole for shelter, but the flames pursue him. Then with champing teeth, and sparkling eye-balls, he breaks through their contracted circle as fresh, and acts every part, that the highest courage, most raging fury, and blackest despair can prompt him to. But he is sure to be overpowered by numbers, and after some time

the fire affects his tender parts.—Then they pour over him a quantity of cold water, and allow him a proper time of respite, till his spirits recover, and he is capable of suffering new tortures. Then the like cruelties are repeated till he falls down, and happily becomes insensible of pain. Now they scalp him, and dismember and carry off all the exterior branches of the body, (pudenda non exceptis) in shameful, and savage triumph. This is the most favourable treatment their devoted captives receive: it would be too shocking to humanity either to give, or refuse, every particular of their conduct in such doleful tragedies—nothing can equal these scenes, but those of the merciful Romish inquisition.

‘Not a soul, of whatever age or sex, manifests the least pity during the prisoner’s torture: the women sing with religious joy all the while they are torturing the devoted victim, and peals of laughter resound through the crowded theatre—especially if he fears to die. But a warrior puts on a bold austere countenance, and carries it through all his pains:—as long as he can, he whoops and out-braves the enemy, describing his own martial deeds against them, and those of his nation, who he threatens will force many of them, to eat fire in revenge of his fate, as he himself had often done to some of their relations at their cost.

‘Though the same things operate alike upon the organs of the human body, and produce a uniformity of sensations; yet weakness, or constancy of mind derived from habit, helps, in a great measure, either to heighten, or lessen the sense of pain. By this, the afflicted party has learned to stifle nature, and shew an outward unconcern, under such slow and acute tortures: and the surprising cruelty of their women, is equally owing to education and custom. Similar instances verify this, as in Lisbon, and other places, where tender-hearted ladies are transformed by their bloody priests, into so many Medeas, through deluded religious principles; and sit and see with the highest joy, the martyrs of God, drawn along in diabolical triumph to the fiery stake, and suffering death with lingering tortures.’—

The Author has likewise added an Appendix, ‘containing a Description of the Floridas and the Mississippi Lands, with their productions—the Benefits of colonizing Georgiana, and civilizing the Indians, and the way to make all the Colonies more valuable to the Mother Country.’ And, in treating of the last of these topics, Mr. Adair highly censures the present coercive and hostile proceedings towards America.

[Monthly Review.]

An Essay on the Blood. By G. Levison, M.D. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Davies.

The design of this Essay is to prove the reality of a doctrine which, perhaps, to many readers may appear to be a little whimsical; viz. that the blood is alive.

A Letter from the celebrated Dr. Tissot, to Dr. Zimmerman, on the Morbus Niger, &c. 8vo. 1s. Kearsly.

Medical Advice for the Use of the Army and Navy, in the present American Expedition. By William Rowley, M.D. 8vo. 1s. Newbery.

This pamphlet contains such a plain account of the treatment of diseases incident at sea, and likewise in hot climates, as is adapted to the comprehension of persons unacquainted with medical subjects; and it may therefore prove of some advantage to those for whom it is intended.

Joy in Heaven, and the Creed of Devils. Two Sermons preached October 29, 1775. By Augustus Toplady, A.B. 8vo. 1s. Vallance and Simmons.

These discourses on Joy in Heaven, and the Creed of Devils, are founded on Luke xvi. 7. and James ii. 19.

Amwell: a Descriptive Poem. By John Scott, Esq. 4to. 2s. Dilly.

This poem is written in blank verse, and affords an agreeable representation of the rural scenes it describes. The author has with propriety availed himself of such historical or traditional facts as were connected with the subject, which he has worked into pleasing little episodes, and embellished with the graces of poetry.

Odes, by Richard Cumberland, Esq. 4to. 1s. 6d. Robson.

These odes are animated with a considerable share of lyric spirit.

The Captive Freed; or the Rescue of the Muse. A Poetical Essay. 4to. 6d. Dilly.

Parody on Gray’s Elegy. 4to. 1s. Wheble.

This is a work of humour and ingenuity; but injured in this re-publication by some variations for the worse.

The Patent, a Poem. 4to. 1s. Kearsly.

This production seems to be designed as a satire against the practice of granting patents for frivolous inventions.

The

The Tears of the Foot-Guards, upon their Departure for America. 4to. 1s. Kearsly.

A sprightly and well-aimed satire against military effeminacy.

An Answer to the Tears of the Foot-Guards, &c. 4to. 1s. Kearsly.

An ironical effusion.

Address to the Genius of America. By the Rev. Christopher Wells, Lecturer of Penryn, Cornwall, 4to. 1s. Baldwin.

Sedlam, a Ball, and Dr. Price's Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty. A Poetical Medley. 4to. 1s. Dodsley.

We have seldom known any more extravagant or unmeaning than the present rhapsody.

Remarks on a Pamphlet lately published by Dr. Price, entitled, Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty, &c. 8vo. 1s. Cadell.

Had Dr. Price's Observations on Civil Liberty and Government been published at a time when the nation was undisturbed with any political controversy on the subject, they would in all probability have met with universal neglect, and no antagonist might have arisen to expose the error or absurdity of crude opinions, which the common sense of mankind must have suffered to sink into oblivion. It was, however, the fate of that production, that being blindly extolled by the party whose purposes it was calculated to serve, it has been generally regarded with a degree of attention, which otherwise it never would have merited. The author of this pamphlet animadverts with great justice on Dr. Price's definition of civil liberty, which he clearly shews to be incompatible with the idea of government, and even inconsistent with the doctor's own principles in other parts of his treatise. It would be unnecessary to descend to particular remarks; and we shall therefore only observe, that those who peruse this letter, will find in it a refutation of the most essential propounds in Dr. Price's performance.

A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Price, wherein his Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty, the Principles of Government, &c. are candidly examined, &c. 8vo. 1s. Bew.

The author of this pamphlet traces Dr. Price's progress attentively through his various observations. He has not sacrificed to the levity of ridicule any passage that was not liable to censure.

Experience preferable to Theory. An Answer to Dr. Price's Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty, and the Justice and Policy of the War with America. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Payne.

The author of this pamphlet, if we may judge from the information he discovers respecting some particular facts, is extremely well acquainted with the history and state of the colonies.

Obedience the best Charter; or, Law the only Sanction of Liberty. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Richardson and Urquhart.

Cursory Remarks on Dr. Price's Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty, 8vo. 6d. Nicoll.

A Dialogue on the Principles of the Constitution, &c. 8vo. 2s. Owen.

The two speakers in this dialogue are Aristocraticus and Philodemus. To say the truth, we should think the American controversy had fallen into very bad hands, if it was to be determined by such casuists as either of these champions.

The Plain Question upon the present Dispute with our American Colonies. 12mo. 2d. Wilkie.

The design of this little tract is to give a short and perspicuous account of the merits of the controversy between Great-Britain and her colonies.

Hypocrisy Unmasked, or a short Enquiry into the Religious Complaints of our Colonies. 12mo. 2d. Nicoll.

Reflections on Government with respect to America. To which is added Carmen Latinum. 8vo. 1s. T. Lewis.

The author is so zealous a patriot, that he wishes all our ships of war may be wrecked on the American coast.

State of the National Debt, the National Income, and the National Expenditure. By John Earl of Stair. Fols. 1s. Almon.

According to this estimate, Great-Britain is not in the capacity to maintain war with America, even for one campaign; and this mortifying conclusion lord Stair inculcates with vehemence and sarcasm, in the inferences and reflections which are here interspersed.

Substance of a Speech in Parliament upon the State of the Nation and the present Civil War with America, upon Monday, April 1, 1776. By David Hartley, Esq. 4to. 1s. Almon.

The Spleen; or Islington Spa; a Comic Piece of Two Acts. By George Colman, Esq. 8vo. 11. Becket.

The idea of this piece is acknowledged to have been suggested by Moliere's *Malade Imaginaire*; but Mr. Colman has so much deviated from the French author, and indeed even improved on the subject, that this drama, though founded on a general similarity of character, must be considered as an original production.

The Loves of Calisto and Emira; or the Fatal Legacy. By John Seally, Gent. 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed. Becket.

The author of this work has already paid himself so many gentleel, and we dare say sincere compliments, upon the merit of his performance, in a French letter from madame la comtesse de ———, which is prefixed to the novel, that he has deprived us of the most agreeable part of our official task, by having anticipated all that could possibly be said in favour of his work.

A Week at a Cottage. A Pastoral Tale, small 8vo. 2s. Hawes.

There is something picturesque in his descriptions, although the strange style shows them to disadvantage; and in the pathetic the author is not less successful than in description.

Lectures concerning History, read during the Year 1775, in Trinity-College, Dublin, by Michael Kearney, D.D. 4to. 2s. 6d. Murray.

In an advertisement prefixed to these Lectures, the author delivers his reasons for publishing so small a number. He there informs us, that the professor being called upon by the duty of his office to read a lecture before the university at the beginning of every term, the lectures necessarily succeed each other after long intervals, and the general plan must therefore be imperfectly comprehended. From this consideration,

the lectures read in the course of last year, are now laid before the students at one view.

An Appeal to the Officers of the Guards. By F. Richardson, Ensign, &c. 4to. 1s. Doddsley.

This appeal comes from the person who amazed the public last year with the account of a most ridiculous plot.

The Lord High Steward of England; or an Historical Dissertation on the Origin, Antiquity, and Functions of that Officer. 8vo. 2s. Parker.

Those who are desirous of information relative to the origin and history of the office of lord high steward, may have their curiosity gratified by this production.

The Ceremonial for the Trial of a Peer, in Westminster Hall, with Garter's List of the Peerage as it now stands, April 1776. and a Plan of the Court. 4to. 1s. Payne.

An authentic description of the procession of the lord high steward, judges, &c. &c. to and from Westminster on occasion of the trial of the duchess of Kingston for bigamy.

A Matter of Moment. 8vo. 6d. Corral.

The subject of this pamphlet is, the mode of examining witnesses in the court of Chancery; which the author justly considers as greatly defective, and highly expedient to be amended.

Johnsoniana; or, a Collection of Bon Mots, &c. By Dr. Johnson, and others. 12mo. 2s. Ridley.

This curious publication, it seems, has been entered at Stationer's-Hall, to preserve the property of it to the Editor: but we apprehend that the *Flying Stationers* will be the principal vendors of it.

FLOWERS

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Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.



SPRING
where succourless, and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But staves in ruin. THOMSON.

FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

To the Editor of the *Monthly Miscellany*.

S I R,

By inserting the inclosed passage from *Thomson's Seasons*, and giving a Plate, you will (if not too intruding) oblige many of your readers.

Winchester, May 3,
1776.

A. K.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves,
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear extatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
Dare not th' infectious sigh; the pleading look,
Downcast, and low, in meek submission dress,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbinds haunt, and roses shed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
Th' enticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still false warbling in his cheated ear,
Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To fatal shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still,
And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic woes arousd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?

Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: The darkened fun

Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines: and yon bright arch,

Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away

On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs

To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,

Romantic, hangs: there thro' the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,

Indulging all to love; or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze

With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.

Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks;

Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,

With softened soul, and woes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his : or while the
world

And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love ;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious slung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds ; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love : and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks ;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or if retir'd
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows
not how,

Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd
heaths

With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt : or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore ; where succourless, and
fad,

She with extended arms his aid implores ;
But strives in vain : borne by th' outrageous
flood

To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell ! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah, then ! instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks suc-
ceed,

Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire ;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant,
fits,

And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms.
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up

With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
A fresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind
anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the
veins ;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd
heart :

For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm
youth,

Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care ;
His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

S T A N Z A S

From a Robin Redbreast to a LADY.

I.

WHEN Nature's lap, that erst wa'
green,
Was fill'd with driv'n snow ;
Nor could a blade of grass be seen,
Or vegetable grow.

II.

When birds and beasts, by stress of weather,
Were driven helter-skelter,
And sought promiscuously together
Some ample barn for shelter ;

III.

To thee I dragg'd my wings along,
And pour'd forth all my grief ;
Thine ear attentive heard my song,
Thy hand bestow'd relief.

IV.

I sang'd at large, thy roofs around,
Of viands had my fill ;
No stream, in icy fetters bound,
Oppos'd my thirsty bill.

V.

Without—the snow, by storms sustain'd,
Led on the infant year ;
But thro' thy friendly rooms there reign'd
A vernal atmosphere.

VI.

Saturnian Peace near thee appear'd,
Unknown was hostile law;
No fav'rite spaniel's teeth I fear'd,
No cat's elastic paw.

VII.

But now the earth throws off her mask,
And clouds portend no storm;
To seize the fly's my easy task,
Or bolt the sluggish worm.

VIII.

Rough Labour calls her cherish'd swains
To aid approaching Spring;
Who, bending o'er the new-till'd plains,
Their grateful Pæans sing.

IX.

To thee, O Whitworth, whose good name
Shall live in ages hence;
A pillar in the rolls of Fame
Of true benevolence.

X.

Seek then, my Fair, the fir-crown'd hill,
And catch the wholesome breeze;
I'll twine the woodbine with my bill
Among the lottier trees.

XI.

To thee, stretch'd on the chequer'd sleep,
I'll tune my humble note;
And stop, when gently lull'd asleep,
The goat's sonorous throat.

XII.

Should noxious asps thy rest surprise,
Vell'd in the mossy ground,
I'll dart upon their witching eyes,
And warn thee ere they wound.

XIII.

For tho' you boast, the human mind
Holds all that's great and good;
Yet oft in us, poor birds, you'll find
Some traits of gratitude.

[*West. Mag.*]

RUBECULA.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

WHIT-SUNDAY. A HYMN.

I.

QUICK from the earth the Saviour rose,
And wing'd to Heav'n his flight,
To seek of bliss the true repose,
In pure, supernal light.

II.

But ere he left this scene of earth
For realms of endless day,
He gave one exhortation birth,
To those who see his way.

III.

"If ye love me, your duty prove,
By keeping my commands;"
So shall you gain my Father's love,
And blessings from his hands.

IV.

So shall, when scenes of earthly things
No longer claim your care,
Your praises reach the King of Kings,
And rend empyreal air.

V.

Mean while the spirit of your God
In various tongues descends,
To spread his gospel far abroad,
To earth's remotest ends.

VI.

Where'er my Father's name is known,
Where'er my name is spread,
Let praises rise to Heav'n's high throne,
To Mercy's fountain head.

VII.

So, when the Universal Lord
Shall call you from the grave,
Millions shall join with one accord,
And hail the power to save!

VIII.

The Power which sent the Saviour down,
To bid the world be blest;
And gives a never-ending crown,
To those who seek his rest!

M.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

On hearing Miss SKELTON play on the Harpichord.

THO' Orpheus, antient poets say,

In Music so improv'd,
So sweetly on the harp could play,
That woods and stones he mov'd;
Yet could he hear, tho' dead and gone,
Thee, charming Syren, play,
He'd strait thy music sweeter own,
And throw his harp away.
Thy notes, fair maid, would brutes controul,
Can heav'nly joy inspire;
They with strong raptures fill the soul,
And set each heart on fire.

OLD JACK.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Address'd to Miss M——, of C——y.

LET us, Monimia, for a moment trace
The num'rous cares entail'd upon our
race;
And, wrapt in friendship's tranquil warmth,
survey
Whence springs this permanent, clear, placid
ray:
Far hence the lover's wish, the poet's
dream!
And Female Friendship be the pleasing
theme!
Why does vain man accuse our gentler
kind
Of pride, and weak inconstancy of mind?
Why should he deem the female breast the
seat
Of rankling envy and of dark deceit?
As tyrant-kings their subjects rights invade,
As trembling kids to lions yield the shade;
So are we robb'd of Friendship's sacred
fame,
Because unable to defend our claim.—
What tho' no Greek nor Latian bards of
old
Has Female Friends in deathless strains en-
rolled;
Who, like Euryalus and Nisus, dar'd
Whatever fate their heart's lov'd partner
shar'd;
Yet equal faith and fortitude combin'd,
They own has oft adorn'd the female mind.
Say, what is Love, but friendship's brightest
ray,
Which Fate's severest frown's can ne'er
allay?
What but this gentle, this exalted flame
Glew'd in the bosom of the Lidnoium dame,
When her lov'd lord was sever'd from her
arms,
Whilst twenty vernal suns renew'd their
charms:
Hopeless of his return, by numbers woo'd,
By ev'ry art Love could devise pursu'd;
Firm in affection his chaste consort prov'd,
His image cherish'd, and his mem'ry lov'd;
Till bounteous Heav'n, to crown her faith,
restor'd
To her despairing arms her long-lost lord.
Could vulgar love, or low desires have made
Alcestes' hand her tender breast invade?
Dauntless the blest, blest with her life to
save
Her dear Admetus from th' impending grave.
But stop, my muse, nor rove to distant
climes,
Nor think fair Faith confin'd to Heathen
times.
Our life can boast her Eleanora's name,
Whose virtues bloom'd in the fair book of
fame.
Oh glorious queen! for Edward's dearer life
Thy own was risk'd: Heav'n saw the gen-
erous strife,

Preserv'd the heroine, to her fervent
pray'r,

Gave her heart's lord, and crown'd her
pious care.—

Nor have our noblest bards invidious prov'd;
Well have they sung the virtuous flame they
lov'd.

In Thomson's scenes, fair Eleanora's tale
Shall charm each heart 'till taste and nature
fail.

And well has Shakspeare, ever honour'd
name!

To Female Friendship giv'n eternal fame:
So dear was Rosalind to Celia's breast,

When, by her father's tyrant pow'r op-
press'd,

The fair was banish'd, destitute to roam,
Celia with her forsook her splendid home;
Left a fond father, bid a court adieu,

And with her friend, to lonely woods with-
drew;

Trod the brown desert and the forest wild,
And at distress and changeable fortune
smil'd.

Heav'n graciously the grateful act approv'd,
And to a crown restor'd the friend she
lov'd.

And thou, Monimia! could these hum-
ble lays

Hope to transmit thy fame to future days,
In Friendship's fairest page shou'dst be in-
roll'd,

And to succeeding times thy virtues told:
Thy faithful bosom scorns th' ignoble

thought,
That Love or Friendship can with gold be
bought:

Pure as the Vestal's holy fire must burn
The flame that merits such an heart's re-
turn.

Avaunt, ye frail, inconstant, faithless
race!

Nor with pretence these noble names dis-
grace;

If with the veering wind of fortune's change
Your tutor'd hearts from breast to breast
can range,

Sweet Love, nor Friendship's pow'r you
ne'er have try'd,

But devious rov'd, with Folly for your
guide.

Henceforth her shrine adore—nor dare pre-
tend

T'assume the name of Lover or of Friend.
The heart that to one Pow'r has prov'd

untrue,
Can never pay the other homage due.—

To dear Monimia, and her Mira, leave
These pleasing passions, nor yourselves de-
ceive;

Their long try'd hearts no change has pow'r
to move;

Alike they beat to Friendship and to Love.
In each one object has each heart possess'd,

And Death alone can tear them from each
breast.

The inclosed lines were sent by way of a consolatory Epistle to a young Lady (and only daughter) about two months after the loss of her Father, who died more than a quarter of a year since. It contains a very just character of the deceased, who was a clergyman of some distinction in the Western part of the town. As there are some features in this portrait which may call him to a pleasing remembrance in the minds of his friends, by inserting the lines in your collection, you will oblige

THE AUTHOR.

From heart-felt grief full many a gushing tear
Bedew'd thy much-lov'd parent's mournful bier;
And still with sighs and melancholy gloom,
Thy soul thou vents it sorrows o'er his tomb:
" Clos'd are those eyes whose mild yet sparkling fire
" Could pleasing joy in all around inspire;
" Shut are those lips, and silent is that tongue,
" Where nervous sense and mild persuasion hung;
" Cold is that heart which warmest friendship fill'd.
" And freezing death alone could e'er have chill'd;
" Well skill'd thro' philosophic paths to stray,
" And the fair page of science to display;
" Or cheer the social board with sprightly jest,
" And crown with mirth and pleasantry the feast.
" Why should the wretch who pines with want and pain
" Implore death's friendly stroke, but sue in vain?
" Or tott'ring age, of all but life bereft,
" To mourn the loss of ev'ry sense be left?
" Yet thee, Philander, from the dreary grave,
" Nor friends, nor wife's, nor children's prayers could save!"
Rash maid, forbear;—'Tis not to mortals giv'n
To scan, or to controul the ways of Heav'n.
But see with joy the glorious host above
Welcome his spirit to the realms of love;
With what sweet transports each blest seraph ran
To hail an Angel, whom they lov'd a Man.
As from the fowler's hand th'escaping dove,
Impatient to regain the tuneful grove,
Now disentangled from the treacherous snare,
With hasty pinion cleaves the liquid air;
So, loos'd from the impediment of clay,
His soul exulting wing'd her rapid way
To realms of bliss, and join'd the heav'nly choir
In hymns of praise, which purest joys inspire.

And wouldst thou draw him from his bliss abode,

Or tear him from the bosom of his God?
Wouldst thou that he should suffer here again
The various ills of life, the griefs, the pain!
Consider then, how small thy cause to mourn,
Or bathe with fruitless tears his sacred urn:
Thy want of dutious love, or vicious mind,
His silver'd hairs with sorrow ne'er inclin'd
Toward the silent grave; nor shudd'ring fear,
Left thou should swerve from virtue, forc'd
a tear.

From death's dark mansions then avert thine eyes,
Let pleasing thoughts and gayer scenes arise;
With cheerfulness rejoin the sportive throng,
And tune the lively note, or sprightly song;
With slow and graceful movement sweep the ground;
Or on the light fantastic toe rebound;
Till some fond youth, deserving of thy charms,
That eager courts thee to his longing arms,
At length to Hymen's fane, with conscious pride,
Shall lead thee, blushing like the morn, his bride.
Then may'st thou, like the fruitful vine, his joys
Complacet, with blooming girls and smiling boys:
And may thy sons like tow'ring plants aspire,
Their bosoms warm'd with honour's noble fire:
Thy daughters, like the polish'd marble fair,
By virtuous conduct prove thy tender care;
To other maids a bright example shine,
And crown their mother's hopes with joy, as thou dost thine.

GENT. MAG.

THE HOPELESS COMPLAINT.

I.

ILL fares the wretch whom prudence cannot teach,
Whose heedless, fond affections led astray,
Fix on a fair one far beyond his reach,
To pine in hopeless sorrow day by day.
Restless each night, he starts but to complain,
While each succeeding sun only renews his pain:

II.

Think'st thou, fond fool, a virgin gaily bred,
Will ever deign to spend a thought on thee;
Will give up views of honour, fancy fed,
And stoop, for thy sake, to obscurity?
Hadst thou reflected thus in proper time,
Thou'dst 'scap'd the grief that flows in this desponding rhyme.

III.

Ah! what will honest tenderness avail,
Without or wealth to grace, or arts to please?

Worth

Worth greater far than thine would surely fail,
Out-bid, out-shone, excell'd, eclips'd
by these!

'Tis not for thee with rivals to contend,
But in some lonely cell thy luckless life to
spend.

IV.

Had fortune shower'd those gifts, alas denied!
Had rank and honours rais'd thee from
the crowd;

To lay them at her feet had been thy pride,
Thine honour had from her acceptance
flow'd;

Unhappy man! see how thy sorrow teems!
For consolation driv'n to wild, delusive
dreams.

V.

Though thy sad heart, now deaden'd by de-
spair,

It matters little what becomes of thee;
May Providence guard with especial care,

Th' unconscious auth'ors of thy misery;
May ev'ry wish of her's be gratify'd,

Heav'n's blessings all her own, and may
no ill betide.

VERSES,

*Occasioned by the present Exhibitions of
PICTURES.*

BY his Loyd and his Cavendish Rey-
nolds this year,
Is in Portraits with lustre allow'd to appear:
In our Eighth Harry's dress the immaculate
boy,

With significant features expresses his joy;
And in Samuel's face there's something which
shews

That his breast with the spirit of Prophecy
glows.

To Kauffman applause is undoubtedly due,
In her figures we fail not the graces to view.

While Loutherbrough dashes his colours about,
New scenes of real grandeur he boldly strikes
out;

And now, in the manner of Hogarth's droll
style,

Calls up, in the gravest of faces a smile.

In his walk, the historic, West always is
great,

When we look at St. Stephen we pity his fate.
In this picture attentively studied, we find

Devotion and Pathos with judgment combin'd;
But the strength of the latter's more forcibly
felt,

When we hang o'er his Wolfe, we are mov'd
and we melt:

The Saint raises compassion, the Soldier does
more,

As men we lament him, as Britons, adore.

Stubbs, Cozens, and Richards, Hone, Ele-
nor, and Dance,

With others, who yield not to any in France;

Sufficiently prove, by their pictures this May
That the Artists of England true genius dis-
play.

Tho' the Royalists thus strongly shine, in the
Strand

There are Paintings which warm panegyrics
command:

There Mortimer, Marlow, and Gilpin, and
Wright,

A rich entertainment afford to the sight;

And e'en in that room o'erlook'd by the crowd,

Some pictures have merit, by critics allow'd;

But the Lady oppos'd to an Ostrich, alone,

In a Royal Collection deserves to be shown;

The sight of the former, extremely well dress'd,

And rage of the latter are strongly express'd;

The bird stripp'd of it's plumes, restoration
demands,

And the beauty engagingly terrify'd stands;

In the humour there's force, and the satire is
fair,

Against females with heads mounted high in
the air,

Who, loaded with wool, and pomatum, and
paste,

Take a vast deal of pains to expose their false
taste.

PHILO-GRAPHICUS.

AZORE to ZEMIRA.

By Mr. M. DAWES.

TO please my Zemira the fair,
Is the only delight of my mind;

Her absence I cannot forbear,

While only to me she is kind.

I furnish'd my cot to her taste,

To please her dear fancy I strove;

I sprinkled some sheep o'er my waste,

Since all that she likes I approve.

The chamber design'd for her use,

Is form'd like the one she possess'd;

And I think myself off' in her house,

Tho' her absence deprives me of rest.

Oh! when will Zemira depart,

To view my vast prospect around;

For Zemira, thou joy of my heart,

Such a landscape is not to be found,

My gardens are variously spread,

My hedge-rows with woodbines now grow

In my grots and my arbours I read,

Yet am but half blest without you.

In planting my fruit-trees you'll find,

I thought of the peach as you pride;

A walk too I've made to your mind,

And cowslips have sown by the side.

A scheme of delight have I fram'd,

In Idea how happy am I!—

To tell you my dreams I'm ashamed,

And had I but wings I would fly.

Hence then my Zemira I pray,

No longer let me thus implore;

If you love me, you'll hence then away,

To your faithful, your constant AZORE.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Hague, April 23.

LETTERS from Poland mention a very important piece of news, which is, that the court of Russia has declared that it is willing to give up to the republic all the territory ceded by the convention of Peteribourg, provided the crown of that kingdom be declared hereditary in favour of the present king.

Tetuan, March 29. It having been agreed with the Dutch Commodore, Peter Gumbert, to treat of peace between their High Mightinesses, and that the King of Morocco should give an answer in forty days to the proposals which were made him; the said term being now elapsed, without his taking the least notice thereof, the Commodore has just failed on his return to Holland, from whence another Commander is expected to continue the cruise in the Streights, where twelve frigates remain, coasting between this place and Sallee. This king is assembling his army at Fedara.

Lisbon, March 29. The military preparations carrying on in Spain give rise to many conjectures here; but destitute of certainty.

Lisbon, April 2. An Anglo American ship arrived last week in the Tagus, with colours on which was painted a branch of balm, surrounded with these words in the French language: *Graces au Ciel*. The Captain declared to the officer of the Custom-house that he came from the ports of the United Provinces; however, he has not been able as yet to obtain leave to unload his cargo, nor carry on any trade. The Captain of the English man of war that was in this road has, on the contrary, obliged the master of that ship to take down his colours. We are curious to know the consequences of this affair.

Petersburgh, April 15. The Empress has ordered a communication to be made by means of joining several rivers, and forming canals between the Caspian Sea and the Northern ocean. The government of Smolensk will be in the center of this communication. Several towns are building in the principal parts, near which will be villages at proper distances, so that we have hopes of seeing the empire peopled again, as it was many centuries ago, when, as may be judged from the stupendous ruins of great towns, &c. found in the deserts, it no doubt was inhabited by a number of nations, who were powerful, polished, and industrious.

MONTHLY Misc. VOL. IV.

Madrid, April 21. Accounts from Cadiz mention that a strong Squadron of men of war under the command of Don Michael Gaston, is ready to put to sea on a secret expedition.

Our Court has demanded complete satisfaction from that of Lisbon with regard to the hostilities committed, and now committing by the subjects of his Faithful Majesty in America. The answer that is expected by a courier which was sent for the purpose to Lisbon is, it is said, to determine whether there is to be peace or war. In the mean time vast quantities of ammunition are sending towards the frontiers of Portugal, who, on their parts, are making preparations for a very vigorous defence in case of a rupture.

Paris, April 26. We learn that a dreadful disaster has happened in the Lower Normandy. The Mount St. Michael, a famous State Prison, blew up, and all in it perished, except three persons who had the good fortune to escape. We have not as yet many particulars of this accident; all we know is, that there were ten thousand weight of gunpowder in the vaults of that abbey, that it took fire, and the explosion destroyed the whole.

Berlin, April 27. The King our gracious Sovereign arrived yesterday morning in perfect health, with his usual retinue, at the Castle of Charlottenburgh, in order to review the troops of this garrison.

Brussels, April 18. A circular letter arrived here a few days ago, from Vienna, addressed to the Chamber of Commerce at Ostend, relative to the duty on goods for warehouse room in the public magazines of Ostend, Nieupoort, and Bruges, by which circular letter, sundry goods therein mentioned are declared to be exempted from the payment of that duty.

Munich, May 7. Maria Josephina Anna Augusta, daughter of Charles VII. Emperor of the Romans, sister to our Serene Elector of Bavaria, and Dowager of Augustus George Simpert, Margrave of Baden Baden, died this morning of an apoplectic fit, with which she was seized the day before.

Berlin, May 11. A courier arrived here from Petersburgh, on the 8th of this month, with the melancholy news that the Grand Duchess of Russia, Petrowna Alexiewna, born Princess of Hesse Darmstadt, was delivered of a dead Prince on the 26th of the foregoing month, and that her Imperial Highness, after suffering much pain for four

G g day 5

days, expired, to the great grief of the whole nation.

AMERICAN NEWS.

From the PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE.

New Haven, Feb. 21. The following is an extract of a letter from General Arnold. It is not dated, but by part of the contents, it is supposed was wrote the last of January.

"I have the pleasure of informing you, my wound is in so fair a way, that I expect to be on my legs in a fortnight. Notwithstanding our misfortune, we have continued the blockade effectually; though the enemy are double our number, they have not dared to shew themselves without the walls. I expect General Wooster from Montreal to take the command here; a council of war thought his presence absolutely necessary there, so that I have had a most fatiguing time. The continual agitation I have been in has, in a great measure, retarded the healing of my wound. Yesterday I received a reinforcement of 100 men from Montreal, and expect several Regiments from below in a short time. I have made every possible preparation to annoy the enemy; and if I am properly supported, as I make no doubt I shall be, from below, I have not the least doubt of Quebec's falling into our hands."

Williamsburg, Virginia, Feb. 26. We are informed, that on Monday last, the Hon. Richard Corbin, Esq. came to this City, and the next day, with the entire approbation of the Committee of safety, continued his journey to Norfolk, with intention to go on board the Dunmore, to have a conference with Lord Dunmore, on the subject of a letter his Lordship had written to Col. Corbin, containing some propositions to negotiate an accommodation with Great Britain, and to receive letters which had come from London, and were to be delivered into his own hands.

The Mercury frigate, Capt. Graham (formerly Macartney) having General Clinton and Lord Percy on board, and two transports, with between 300 and 400 troops, chiefly light Infantry of the 4th and 44th regiments, and a number of Officers belonging to the 16th and 40th, besides some Engineers, are arrived at Hampton-Road from Boston; since which they have been joined by the Kingfisher, and four or five tenders, who now lie off Hampton, and it is supposed are bound up Potowmack, or for North Carolina, where some disturbances are broke out among the people who lately styled themselves Regulators.

Commodore Hammond has given orders to all the Navy Officers to cease firing on our sentinels or small parties, on pain of being broke.

It is said that the troops with Lord Dunmore, to the amount of 500, are entrenched at Portsmouth, and that a considerable num-

ber of our people are entrenching some little distance below them.

Philadelphia, in Congress, March 4, 1776.

Resolved, that the restraint be taken off, which by a resolution of the 26th of last month, was laid upon vessels loading or loaded with produce for Great Britain, Ireland, or the British West Indies, in consequence of permission, granted for arms and ammunition imported into these colonies.

CHARLES THOMPSON, Sec.

Extract of a letter from Portsmouth, May 9.

"This morning Lord Howe went on board the Eagle Man of War at Spithead, which saluted him by firing three rounds as soon as he got on board; several other ships that lay off this place likewise fired their guns, and in the afternoon they weighed anchor, were under sail about six o'clock this evening, and are now out of sight. It is imagined they will join the fleet about Scilly."

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

St. James's, May 11. The King has been pleased to appoint Sir John Dalrymple, Bart. to be one of the Barons of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer in Scotland, in the room of William Maure, Esq. deceased.

The King has been pleased to order letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of Ireland, containing his Majesty's grant unto Richard Moor, M. A. of the place and dignity of Dean of Emly, in the said kingdom, now void by the death of William Evelyn, Doctor of Divinity.

May 18. The King has been pleased to grant unto Walter Croser, Esq. the Office of Comptroller of the Duties of Excise in Scotland.

Paris, May 13. This day his Most Christian Majesty declared the Marquis de Noailles his Ambassador to his Britannic Majesty, in the room of the Count de Guines, who was at the same time created a Duke, by the title of Duke de Guines.

Extract of a letter from Montreal, Feb. 19.

"Captain Graham of the second battalion is just arrived from Quebec; nothing very material, but that the blockade is kept up completely, and frequent desertions from the town. I am told they have been seen to break up the vessels in the harbour for firewood. This absolutely does great honour to General Arnold and his little party; however, they will now get ease, as troops are coming in pretty fast; one company of Pennsylvania troops arrived yesterday with some American manufactured gunpowder, and many of the New England volunteers. We now have, I imagine, about 1500 men before Quebec; but before the reinforcement arrived, the blockade was kept up by 500 men, exclusive of a few Canadians, in whom little or no dependance could at that time be put, nor indeed at any time, without a greater force of continental troops."

Cambridge, March 9. Captain Manley has taken another transport, 400 tons burthen, laden with pease, potatoes, pork, four crout, ten packages of medicine, six carriage guns, four swivels, three barrels of powder, &c. and carried her into Newberry.

Philadelphia, March 11. We hear by a gentleman from Rhode Island, that the Macaroni privateer had taken a transport ship from London. It is said that there were found on board orders for General Howe only to act on the defensive till further orders.

The Congress the day before yesterday resolved, "That no oath by way of test be imposed upon, exacted, or required of any of the Inhabitants of these colonies, by any military officer."

Governor Wright, of Georgia, has taken refuge on board the Scarborough man of war. There were seven ships burnt at Savannah, not five, as mentioned in some of the papers. General Howe sent Major Grant and Captain Maitland, with four transports, and 200 marines, to get provisions. The Carolinians hearing of it, sent 500 men to assist the Georgians. A battery was erected, which fired smartly upon the transports as soon as they arrived in Savannah harbour. Finding they could not land, they came round an island in the night to get at some vessels in the harbour that were coming to England, in order to get provisions from them; but the Georgia militia, who were assembled, and the Carolinians, kept a continual fire upon them, and at length burnt the ships; so that they were entirely disappointed.

The Indians at Georgia have joined the Provincials, one of them being wounded by a shot from the men of war in the skirmish there, the others said they were determined to have revenge as soon as they could meet with any of the King's troops.

The command of the Provincial army at New York has been confirmed on Colonel, now General Schuyler.

Extract of a letter from New York, March 21.

"As we expect a visit from General Howe, we are putting every thing in the best posture of defence; the women and children are removed into the country; our militia are out, as also our volunteers; General Washington, by advice, has detached six regiments to our assistance; two thousand men are coming from Connecticut, and thirteen other regiments will soon be here, when we shall have an army of at least twenty thousand men, and have already two hundred pieces of cannon to salute the King's forces, should they attempt to land."

Extract of a letter from Williamsburg, Virginia, March 18.

"Yesterday 2500 armed people, some of whom are men of property, arrived in this city from the counties of Hanover, New Kent, and King William. They are led by

one Col. Hill, are all well accounted, have a martial appearance, and are going to be encamped near Doncastle's, about fifteen miles from this town."

LONDON, MAY 2.

Yesterday, and not before, Lord Howe took leave of his Majesty, having previously received his commission at the Admiralty, and immediately set out for Portsmouth to embark for America.

General Lee has fortified New York in the strongest manner; several houses have been taken down in order to strengthen the fortifications, which are mounted now with 212 cannon, in order to salute the detachments of the Guards on their arrival, who have orders to land there.

General Howe is empowered to grant commissions in future, in the army under his command, to all under the rank of field officers.

3. Government has bought up such vast quantities of salt butter, to go to America, that there is very little to be got, and what there is, excessive dear, being raised 2d. per lb. so that it is now at too high a price for the poor to purchase. Such is the fatal consequence of the American war.

Lady Algernon Percy, who is just arrived from Italy, we hear, is very far advanced in her pregnancy, to the great joy of the Northumberland family.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, May 4.

Whitehall, May 3. General Howe, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in North America, having taken a resolution on the 7th of March to remove from Boston to Halifax, with the troops under his command, and such of the inhabitants, with their effects, as were desirous to continue under the protection of his Majesty's forces; the embarkation was effected on the 17th of that month, with the greatest order and regularity, and without the least interruption from the rebels. When the Packet came away, the first division of the transports was under sail, and the remainder were preparing to follow in a few days; the Admiral leaving behind as many of the ships of war as could be spared from the convoy, for the security and protection of such vessels as might be bound to Boston.

Extract of a letter from Lisbon, April 13.

"Yesterday six American vessels, one of which mounted 22 guns, and convoyed the others, sailed from this port for Philadelphia, they were laden with ammunition, military stores, &c. each vessel had a Portuguese Captain on board, and sailed under Portuguese colours. On the 11th inst. the Castilla, a Spanish man of war of 60 guns, took fire off the mouth of the Tagus, when the flames reaching the powder room, the ship blew up, and all on board perished."

4. Thursday a commission during pleasure, constituting William Howe, Esq; Ge-

neral and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in North America, from Nova Scotia on the North, to West Florida on the South, with all the powers and authorities thereunto belonging, passed the Great Seal.

5. The money raised in America by the Colonists in paper-currency, is to be called in and discharged at four payments; the last is fixed for the year 1781; so certain do they seem of keeping their ground.

8. The fleet of American privateers under the command of Commodore Hopkins, sent out some months since, and supposed to be gone to intercept the homeward-bound Indiamen that touch at St. Helena, have made their first attempt on New Providence, which they have taken possession of. The Governor and his family are gone to St. Augustine. This island is so situated as to command the Jamaica and other West-India trade.

9. A proclamation is published in Ireland, for the parliament of that kingdom to be held at Dublin on Tuesday the 11th. of June next; for the summoning of which parliament, writs were issued, bearing teste the first day of this instant May.

10. A postscript of a letter from Dublin by the last mail, mentions, that it was the current report of that day, that the ship which Major Caulfield and many other passengers were unfortunately lost in, last October, in their passage from Park-gate to Dublin, was raised, that the dead bodies were all in a state of preservation, and that the money (22,000*l.* which Major Caulfield was carrying over) was quite safe in the strong box it was locked up in.

14. The expenses to the nation of the provisions sent to Boston, has been truly calculated in the following manner: Sheep, 30 guineas each; hogs, 40*l.* each, cabbages in four crou, 13*s.* a cabbage; beef, 8*s.* a pound; hay, 1*l.* 1*s.* a truss; porter, 20*l.* a barrel.

Yesterday new writs were issued out for electing Members in the room of the following gentlemen, who are called up to the House of Peers, viz.

A new writ for Tiverton, in the room of Nath. Ryder, Esq. For Grantham, in the room of Sir Brownlow Cust. For Herefordshire, in the room of Thomas Foley, Esq. For Bosciney, in Cornwall, in the room of Lord Mount Stuart. And for Portsmouth in the room of Sir Edward Hawke.

The Independent, Capt. Coles, of 16 guns, and 820 men, fitted out at Baltimore, is taken by two of his Majesty's cruizers, and carried into Boston; she had some letters on board from the Congress. It is said she was bound for some Port in France.

Yesterday, by virtue of a commission from his Majesty, the Royal Assent was given to the following bill, viz.

The bill for raising a certain sum by loans

on Exchequer bills for the service of the present year.

The bill to indemnify persons who have omitted to qualify themselves for offices or employments within the time limited by law, and for allowing a further time.

The bill to dissolve the marriage of Charles Horneck, Esq.

The bill to dissolve the marriage of Dr. John Elliot.

The bill for better supplying the town of Brecknock with water, and for paving and lighting the streets therein.

The bill more effectually to prevent stealing or destroying of deer in Great Britain; and to repeal several former statutes for that purpose.

The bill for securing a fund belonging to certain persons of the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, applicable to charitable uses.

The bill to continue the corporation of guardians of the poor in the Isle of Wight, and to confirm the powers and authorities vested in that corporation.

The bill to remove the danger of fire amongst the ships in the Port of Bristol; to prevent the landing large quantities of timber, deals, pitch, tar, &c. on the present quays; and for providing a proper quay for that purpose.

The bill to amend an act for lighting, watching, and paving Portsmouth.

The bill for the better encouragement of the pilchard fishery, within the Bay of St. Ives, in Cornwall.

The bill for vesting in John Liordar, his executors, &c. the sole use and property of a cement or composition of his invention.

The bill to declare his Majesty's natural born subjects inheritable to the estates of their ancestors in Scotland.

The bill for granting a bounty on flax seed, the growth of the Austrian Netherlands, imported into Ireland for a limited time.

And also to several other public and private bills ready for that purpose.

Sunday morning, about half past 2 o'clock, a fire broke out at the sign of the Greenwich Hospital, a publick house in Kent-street, near the Borough, which in a short time consumed the same, together with two other houses, besides greatly damaging two more contiguous.

Yesterday morning about ten o'clock, his Majesty, attended by several general officers, went to Blackheath, and there reviewed the 11th regiment of dragoons, who went through the whole exercise with such exactness, as gave universal satisfaction.

Sunday evening at seven o'clock, is the time fixed for christening the young Princess, in the grand State Room at St. James's, proper notice of which was given yesterday.

Yesterday morning between twelve and one o'clock, a fire was discovered in the lower part of the house of Mr. Brown, taylor, habit and trimming maker, in Ludgate-street, which in a short time consumed the inside of the house, toge-

together with the stock in trade and furniture.

On Sunday afternoon some person privately entered the housekeeper's apartments at the Mansion House, and maliciously broke to pieces some curious pieces in palte, and damaged many other things.

15. The King has been pleased to order a writ to be issued under the Great Seal of Great Britain for summoning Francis Osborne, Esq. commonly called Marquis of Carmarthen, up to the House of Peers, by the stile and title of Baron Osborne of Kiveton, in the county of York.

The King has been pleased to grant unto her Grace the Duchess of Argyll the dignity of a Baroness of Great Britain, the title of Baroness Hamilton, of Hameldon, in the county of Leicester; and the dignity of a Baron to her Heirs Male,

The King has also been pleased to grant the dignity of a Baron of Great Britain unto the following Gentlemen, and their Heirs Male, viz. Alexander Hume Campbell, Esq. commonly called Lord Polwarth, by the title of Baron Hume of Berwick.—John Stuart; Esq. commonly called Lord Mount Stuart, by the title of Baron Cardiff, of Cardiff Castle, in the county of Glamorgan.—The Right Hon. Sir Edward Hawke, Knight of the Bath, by the title of Baron Hawke of Towton, in the county of York.—The Right Hon. George Onslow, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Branley of Ember-court, in Surry.—The Right Hon. Sir Jeffery Amherst of Knight of the Bath, by the title of Baron Amherst of Holme-dale, in Kent.—Sir Brownlow Cuff, Bart. by the title of Baron Brownlow of Belton, in the county of Lincoln.—George Pitt, Esq. by the title of Baron Rivers of Strathfield-say, in the county of Southampton.—Nathaniel Ryder, Esq. by the title of Harrowby of Harrowby, in the county of Lincoln.—Thomas Foley, Esq. of Great Witley, in Worcester-shire, by the title of Baron Foley of Kidderminster, in the county of Worcester.

The King has been pleased to grant unto Jacob Reynardson, Esq. the office of one of the Clerks of his Majesty's Privy Seal, in the room of William Fleming, Esq. deceased.

17. It is reported that advice is received from Antigua, that one of his Majesty's armed vessels had been taken and carried into Martinico by two French frigates, on account of her having taken an American ship within sight of the garrison.

The Norfolk, Grindall, from Whitehaven for Boston, laden with coals, is taken by the Americans.

18. By a letter from Falmouth, dated the 10th inst. we learn, that a French fishing boat has just brought in the crew and passengers of the Duke packet boat, which striking on a rock, (supposed to be that on which Sir Cloudesly Shovel perished) instantly sunk, and they had hardly time to save themselves.

They came with dispatches from Lord Dunmore, which were lost also; one of the passengers died in the boat of cold; they were in it sixteen hours before they met the Frenchman. General Clinton, they say, is at Cape Fear, and Lord Dunmore at Norfolk, but neither of them have sufficient force to attack the rebels.

By a gentleman who came passenger in the last ship from Philadelphia, we learn, that a serjeant who had been instructed to carry letters from general Carleton to the French nobles, in order to procure fresh provisions, &c. had deserted, and informed the Congress of the strength of Quebec; that general Carleton had about 1700 men, 2000 of them regulars, the rest sailors and militia, and eight months provisions in the garrison.

By a ship arrived from Madeira, there is advice, that six American privateers put in there to take on board some wine, and afterwards they failed for the Cape of Good Hope; and that it is supposed they are gone to intercept some of the homeward-bound East-Indiamen.

Yesterday a warrant for the order of Precedence of the new created Peers, and a Peerefs, was signed by the King, the Marquis of Carmarthen is first, the Duchess of Argyll next, Lord Polwarth next, and Lord Mountstewart fourth.

By returns made from the jails throughout the kingdom, it appears that there are upwards of 8000 debtors in the different prisons waiting to take the benefit of the insolvent act.

Yesterday one Bland was committed to Newgate, by John Sherwood, Esq. charged with the wilful murder of Joseph Pierfon, at Deptford.

The same day, two men, named Henman and Harley, were committed to the said gaol, charged with violently assaulting and wounding Joseph Pierfon, whereof he died on the 13th instant.

On Wednesday, at the Public Office in Bow-street, Diana Bower charged Mary Bower with being concerned with the keeper of a private madhouse in Wiltshire; and others, with seising her in her lodgings at Salisbury, putting iron bolts upon her hands, and robbing her of bank notes, which were in her pockets, to the amount of 99ol. A letter from the Town Clerk of Salisbury was read, relating to the particulars of the affair, and informing where M. Bower had lodged in London, in consequence of which the prisoner was apprehended, and Miss Diana Bowers's pockets found on her. These pockets were produced, containing silver buttons, keys, &c. which Miss Bower swore to; but all the bank notes were gone. The prisoner was recommitted to be sent to Salisbury, the magistrates of that city having proper cognizance of the affair.

20. The following advices were received by

by the brig *Minerva*, Capt. Winning, after a passage of five weeks from Salem in New Jersey, arrived at Londonderry, where she was seized by the custom-house officers, in consequence of the restraining act; she had 320 hogheads of flax-seed on board: all the papers which the officers could find they seized also.

By a letter from an officer on board one of his Majesty's ships of war in Boston harbour, dated March 23, we learn, that the town of Boston is now inhabited by about 25,000 provincial troops, who are fortifying that place in the strongest manner, with the greatest alacrity, under the direction of four Prussian, one French, and some American engineers. The Provincials at Cambridge has been lately reinforced with 5000 fresh troops (recruits.) The garrison at Boston have hoisted a flag, which is kept continually flying, and has on it the following motto, *An Appeal to Heaven*.

The same letter informs us that the Mercury man of war, and a vessel in government service, arrived at Boston with five American vessels, which were coming from the Dutch West India islands, laden with ammunition, &c. The above vessels had taken eight of them, but falling in with three armed ships belonging to the rebels, they retook three of them, and damaged the Mercury so much, that it was with difficulty the reached that port, in a very leaky condition.

A letter from Philadelphia, dated March 28, says, "The day before yesterday the Congress met, and earnestly recommended that Friday the 17th day of May next be observed by the Colonies as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer."

21. Much has been said of the riflemen of the Provincial army, and of the almost unerring certitude of their aim, but there is another part of their military apparatus more tremendous, of which the public prints have given no account. The infantry of the American troops carry no bayonets: in the place which each soldier has a brace of excellent pistols slung to his belt, together with a tomahawk or war hatchet. In the exercise of the latter they are no less expert than the riflemen at firing at a mark. At the distance of twenty yards their aim is generally fatal; these they use against a party advancing with the bayonet. The direction is at the head, which is death if the blow takes place. Their pistols are for close combat. Add to this, the grenadier companies are armed with lances, a better weapon than the bayonet.

On Friday last ended the election of a Knight of the Shire for the county of Gloucester, in the room of the Right Hon. Lord Clifford, when William Bromley Chester, Esq; was declared duly elected, and was thereupon returned.

Saturday, Maurice Suckling, Esq; was elected member of parliament for Portsmouth, without opposition, in the room of Sir Edward Hawke, called up to the house of peers.

22. Yesterday, by virtue of a commission from his Majesty, the following bills received the royal assent, viz.

The bill for granting to his Majesty a certain sum out of the sinking fund.

The bill to enable his Majesty to raise the sum of one million, for the purposes therein mentioned.

The bill for granting to his Majesty several duties on coaches and other carriages; also upon indentures, leases, bonds, and other deeds; likewise upon cards, dice, and news-papers; and for raising two millions by annuities and lottery.

The bill for raising a certain sum on loans and exchequer bills.

The bill for relief of insolvent debtors, and bankrupts in certain cases.

The bill to dissolve the marriage of Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, with his now wife, and enabling him to marry again.

The bill for erecting light-houses and land-marks in the port of Chester, for the better security of shipping.

The bill to explain, amend, and reduce into one act, the general laws in being for the better preservation of turnpike roads.

The bill for the further encouragement of the whale fishery, carried on from Great Britain and Ireland.

The bill for allowing the exportation of a certain quantity of wheat, and other articles to the sugar colonies in America, and to the island of St. Helena, and other settlements belonging to the East India Company.

The bill for allowing corn, grain, and flour, imported into the port of Preston, to be landed without payment of the duties.

The bill for draining, improving, and preserving certain fen and waste lands near Sandwich.

And also to several road, inclosure, and private bills.

Last Friday came on the election of a Member of Parliament for Shaftsbury, when the numbers on the poll were, for George Rous, Esq; 193, the Hon. Mr. Bouverie, 144; whereupon Mr. Rous was declared duly elected.

23. This day his Majesty went to the House of Peers, and gave the royal assent to the following bills, viz.

The bill to oblige the overseers of the poor, within the several parishes and places in England, which are not under the provision of former acts, to make returns upon oath relative to the state of their poor.

The bill to alter the mode of punishment of felons sentenced for transportation, to hard labour in England.

The

The bill for vesting part of the real and personal estate of the Duke of St. Albans in him, for the uses and purposes therein mentioned.

The bill to dissolve the marriage of the Rev. Mr. Jenkins from his now wife, to enable him to marry again, &c.

Also to such other bills as were ready for that purpose.

24 Yesterday his Majesty went in state to the House of Peers, and made the following speech from the Throne :

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

THE conclusion of the public business, and the advanced season of the year, make it proper for me to give you some recess; but I cannot put an end to this session without assuring you, that the fresh instances of your affectionate attachment to me, and of your steady attention and adherence to the true interests of your country, which you have shewn through the whole course of your important deliberations, afford me the highest satisfaction.

No alteration has happened in the state of foreign affairs since your meeting; and it is with pleasure I inform you, that the assurances which I have received of the dispositions of the several powers in Europe, promise a continuance of the general tranquility.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

It was with real regret and concern that I found myself under the necessity of asking of my faithful Commons any extraordinary supplies; I thank you for the readiness and dispatch with which they have been granted; and they are the more acceptable to me, as you have shewn in the manner of raising them, an equal regard to the exigencies of the service, and the ease of my people; and you may be assured, that the confidence you repose in me shall be used with proper frugality, and applied only to the purposes for which it was intended.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

We are engaged in a great national cause, the prosecution of which must inevitably be attended with many difficulties, and much expense: But when we consider that the essential rights and interests of the whole empire are deeply concerned in the issue of it, and can have no safety or security but in that constitutional subordination for which we are contending, I am convinced that you will not think any price too high for the preservation of such objects.

I will still entertain a hope that my rebellious subjects may be awakened to a sense of their errors, and that, by a voluntary return to their duty, they will justify me in bringing about the favourite wish of my heart, the restoration of harmony and the re-establishment of order and happiness in every part of my dominions. But if a due submission should not be obtained from such motives and such dispositions on their part, I trust that I shall be able, under the blessing of Providence, to effectuate it by a

full exertion of the great force with which you have intrusted me.

Then the Lord Chancellor, by his Majesty's command, said,

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

IT his Majesty's royal will and pleasure, that this parliament be prorogued to Thursday, the first day of August next, to be then and here holden; and this parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday, the first day of August next.

25. Last Sunday evening the ceremony of the christening of the young Princess was performed in the Great Council Chamber by his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Her Royal Highness was named Mary. The sponsors were, Prince Frederic of Hesse Cassel, represented by the Earl of Hertford, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household; the Dutchess of Saxa Gothia, represented by the Duchess of Argyll; and the Princess Frederica of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, represented by the Dowager Countess of Effingham.

27. The plan for a new coinage of silver is at present under consideration, which will follow with all convenient expedition, as soon as that of the gold coin is finally settled, by the guineas, &c. being brought to the true standard.

28 Yesterday Benjamin Harley and Thomas Henman were carried from Newgate and executed at Tyburn, for the Murder of Joseph Pearson, a Custom-house Officer, at Deptford; they both behaved with great decency; their bodies were carried to Surgeons Hall for dissection.

29. The Good Intent, Watson, and the Lipcombe, Jordan, both transports, have arrived safely at Philadelphia, with a small American privateer they had taken.

MARRIAGES.

The Right Hon. Lord Stormont, nephew to Lord Mansfield, to the Hon. Miss Cathcart, third daughter to Lord Cathcart.

— Talbot, Esq; nephew to Lord Talbot, to Lady Charlotte Hill, youngest daughter to Lord Hillsborough.

The Rev. Mr. Frith, of North Cray, to Miss Cotter, of Southampton-street.

Lord Viscount Beauchamp, eldest son of the Earl of Hertford, to Lady Isabella Ann Ingram, daughter of Lord Viscount Irwin.

DEATHS.

The Rev. Mr. Birch, Rector of Chevington and Langham, in Suffolk.

Samuel Tyssen, Esq; of Grove-Street, Hackney.

At Watford, Hertfordshire, John Stimson, Esq;

The Rev. Mr. Griffiths, of Chiswick.

At Bath, Dr. John Jennings, a physician there.

At Penryn, in Cornwall, Lieut. Richard Williams.

Mr.

Mr. Kimmer, surveyor of the Pavements in St. George's Parish.

Mrs. Jane Brucker, wife of Mr. Brucker, sugar-baker, in Dittaff-lane.

In Holborn, Mr. Tho. Molefworth, tinman.

At Rotherhithe, Mr. Richard Gough, land-waiter.

In David-Street, Berkley-square, Alexander Maskall, Esq.

BANKRUPTS.

SATURDAY, April 30, to May 4, 1776.

Daniel Scatliff, of Wapping-street, in St. George, Middlesex, ship chandler.

Stephen Sagar, of York, upholsterer.

Richard Gomm and William Gomm, of Clerkenwell-closet, cabinet-makers.

William Drouet, of the Minorities, stone-mason.

Samuel Wilcox, of Edford, in the parish of Holcombe, in Somersetshire, inholder.

Joseph Piddington, of Rugby, in Warwickshire, brazier and hop-merchant.

From May 4, to May 7.

Richard Browne, of Flushing-court, near the Hermitage-Bridge, St. John, Wapping, carpenter and joiner.

Richard Salt, of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, grocer.

Charles Bafham, of Long Melford, in Suffolk, mercer.

James Stephens, of Orange-court, Leicester-fields, merchant.

William Richardson of Fenchurch-street, linen-draper.

James Bazley, of Bristol, merchant and glover.

James James, of Brandon, in Suffolk, innkeeper.

From May 7, to May 11.

John Bernard Meyer, of Princes-street, Drury-lane, in the county of Middlesex, Sugar-refiner.

William Bellamy, of the city of Bristol, factor.

Ephraim Hart, of Little George-street, in the Minorities, London, merchant.

From May 11, to May 14.

John Baker, of Wilbich St Peter, in the Isle of Ely and county of Cambridge, merchant.

Peter Parry, of Holliwell, in the county of Flint, shopkeeper.

Thomas Kearnan and James Read, of Nicholas-lane, London, ship-brokers and partners.

George Franklin, of Little East Cheap, London, ironmonger.

William Castleman, of Brentford in the county of Middlesex, tanner.

William Aylwin, of White Horse-yard, Drury-lane, in the county of Middlesex, wollen-draper.

From May 14, to May 18.

David Goodfman, of the Strand in the county of Middlesex, bookbinder and stationer.

John Reynolds, late of Parkgate in the county of Chester, merchant.

David Spiers, late of Coventry-street in the parish of St. James within the liberty of Westminster in the county of Middlesex, dealer and chapman.

Helenor Gardner, of the parish of St. Pancras in the county of Middlesex, cow-keeper.

From May 18, to May 21.

John Cuerden, of the parish of St James, Westminster in the county of Middlesex, smith.

Thomas Smith, of Stoke-ferry in the county of Norfolk, grocer and mercer.

Henry O'Hara, of Holbourn in the parish of St. Andrew Holbourn in the county of Middlesex, linen-draper.

Thomas Davis, late of the parish of St. James in the liberty of Westminster in the county of Middlesex, coal-dealer.

From May 21, to May 25.

William Ward, of Shepherd's-green near Henly upon Thames in the county of Oxford, dealer and chapman.

William Uther the elder, and William Uther the younger, of Leaden-hall-market, London, poulterer.

James Rumfey, now or late of the city of Bristol, grocer.

Benjamin Robertshaw, of the Upper Ground, Christ church, Surry, cheese-monger.

William Goldby, of Gray's-Inn-lane, St. Andrew's Holbourn, Middlesex, coach-maker.

James Southall, of the Strand, Middlesex, jacksmith.

John Shiff Tahordin, of Fleet-street, London, chymist.

